

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *A short Account of the London Magdalene Hospital.* London, 1846
2. *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris.* Par A. J. B. PARENT-DUCHÂTELET Deuxième Edition. Paris, 1837.

*It is time to burst through the veil of that artificial bashfulness which has injured the growth, while it has affected the features, of genuine purity. Society has suffered enough from that spurious modesty which lets fearful forms of vice swell to a rank luxuriance rather than hint at their existence—which coyly turns away its head from the "wounds and putrefying sores" that are eating into our system, because it would have to blush at the exposure. We are all aware with what haste a treatise avowedly dealing with the peculiar sins of women would be burnt or buried, though its sole object were the promotion of virtue; while few drawing-room tables fail to exhibit novels and romances in which lubricity of sentiment and laxity of principle are easily discerned through the thin gauze of refined language. And yet ours is what Defoe would have called a "broad-hearted" age; we are not sunk into our easy chairs in a drowsy apathy; there is blood and color in the cheek of modern charity; we are sifting the causes of many immoralities, stopping up the sewers from which poisonous exhalations spring, interesting ourselves with hard-working earnestness in the improvement and welfare of the humbler classes of our countrymen. Look at our ragged schools and model lodging-houses, our sailors' homes, our asylums for servants out of place, our houses of refuge for discharged convicts; these are among the thoughtful inventions of recent philanthropy; whilst prison discipline is attracting a degree of care undreamt of by the most tender-hearted of our forefathers. And is it too much to say that the active sympathy shown in these and such-like efforts, by the higher orders towards those beneath them, may be numbered among the causes of that great internal quietness which is a marvel and a mystery to a convulsed and disjointed world?

And yet the evil we speak of is in the background still; in timid silence we permit it to sweep on; spellbound we let it pass; and it needs an emboldened mercy to break the spell. Woman falls, like Wolsey, never to rise again. "It is a difficult question to deal with—an exceedingly awkward subject—we must let it alone, we suppose—it is very dreadful, to be sure—but

there will be always abandoned women, and they are a class it really soils one's imagination to meddle with;"—with such apologetic phrases the wandering soul is suffered to drift away. How different the treatment that a young thief receives! It is one of the very advantages of his kind of offence that his capture is desired. The best thing that can befall him is to be caught; for care follows him into his cell. He is thought worth reclaiming; no pains are spared—humane governors watch over him—zealous chaplains labor to improve his state; the schoolmaster is at hand—he is supplied with books. The term of this costly and ungrudged discipline at an end, he is able to begin life afresh. At first, of course, he will have to struggle against suspicion and distrust; but if he has been brought to a better mind, though for a time he may have to put up with inferior places and inferior pay, he will soon work his way back into a character; the way of return is not closed against him. But it is closed forever to the erring girl. She cannot claim the merciful correction of the law; there are none to catch her and drag her by legal force from her haunts; there is no penitential prison for her; her sin not being subject to legal punishment, she is denied the means of reformation which, for other offenders, are now mixed with punishment. Allowing the wisdom of the law in not classing hers among the punishable crimes, does private pity step in where the law fails to meet the case?—Let us take one of the opposite sex who yields to this identical sin. Even in the midst of his career he keeps his place at home; there he has a pure atmosphere around him; he breathes sweet air; he does not fall into one unbroken course of dissoluteness—he is not without the pale of amendment; even his deeds of darkness are oftentimes unknown; or perhaps there are rumors that he is somewhat wild—and by lips that no one dares to call impure the hope is expressed that he will soon have "sown his wild oats." And oftentimes this hope is fulfilled; he breaks off—he can break off—from folly; his blood cools; he steadies down, wonders at his former self, and lives in usefulness and repute. We at once admit that, as the woman under any circumstances is the greater sufferer by the loss of purity, so on her is thrown the greater responsibility in resisting temptation. But the question is not, whether she is to suffer, and suffer most severely, but whether she is to suffer *without hope*, without a chance of repentance, without the means of escape; whether she is to *lose all and forever*? Ought we to forget our Saviour's treatment of fallen women? By condemning the harshness of the Jewish church towards this class

*Some parts of this article, although kindly worded, may give offence to readers whose religious associations and opinions differ from those of the reviewer. Yet we think it best to reprint it entire.

of sinners, by his own personal tenderness towards more than one who had fallen from virtue's path, he seems in tones the most distinct to commend these erring members to the pity of the Christian church; but who will venture to say that the Christian church has in this followed the example of her Head? Several statisticians of authority agree in saying that three or four years of such a life end the scene; while the most liberal computation stretches the career, on an average, to the length of seven years. By this time, at the latest, their strength is run out, their constitution gone. Late hours, exposure to wet and cold, intoxication to drown thought, ill-usage, disease, inevitable misery of mind and body, are enough in this space to break down the frail tenement of flesh and blood. But after seven years of such a course—after this brief and bitter apprenticeship to the hardest of taskmasters—what follows? Is this a question that the church can waive aside—as out of her department?

We have not the pain to say that no efforts have been made to lessen the evil. Something has been done; a certain number of feeble institutions creep on from year to year, offering scanty accommodation, languishing under the shade of narrow means or a burden of debt, unable for want of room or funds to carry out any efficient system of discipline or classification, and conducted on most imperfect principles. Put the capabilities of all these institutions together, and the number of those for whom they are designed, and then we shall see what puny, starved, and dwarfish measures we have taken to meet the huge mischief. And of these institutions, disproportioned as they are to the need, the greater part would have long since pined away, if they had had to trust to public generosity and external support. The labor of the inmates has saved them from falling to the ground;—they have been in a great measure self-supporting institutions. For example, in "The London Female Penitentiary," (one of the largest,) the subscriptions and donations of last year amounted to 724*l.*, while the work done by the women produced 1184*l.* But take a list of the whole of our Metropolitan Penitentiaries, with the number of inmates according to the last returns:—

	Inmates.
The Magdalene Hospital,	110
London Female Penitentiary,	100
London Society for the Protection of Young Females,	70
Home for Penitent Females, Pentonville,	50
Westminster Penitent Female Asylum,	27
Lock Hospital Asylum, Harrow Road,	20
British Female Refuge,	31
Guardian Society, Bethnal Green,	33

441

Such is the total amount of provision in London. We have not, indeed, given the utmost accommodation which these houses might afford, but we have set down what is practically found available—for in various cases rooms are unwill-

ingly closed from the sheer impossibility of maintaining the complement. As to the number of the class abroad in London it is difficult to reach an accurate statement; but the computations of the more moderate inquirers range from 8000 to 12,000;—and all that has been done by the concentrated efforts of humanity and religion to stem or drain off this restless tide of vice is to afford shelter to some 440. In the provinces we find the same disproportion. The Liverpool Penitentiary had last year 56 inmates, the Liverpool Benevolent Society 21, while the number of abandoned women, according to the police returns, was no less than 2290. The Birmingham Magdalene had 22 inmates; the police returns for 1847 make the houses of ill-fame 210; if we reckon three in every house, we place 22 opposite 630. The Bristol Penitentiary had 17 inmates; those on the streets, according to Mr. Talbot, were 1267. The Leeds Guardian Society had 11 inmates; Mr. Logan states the others at 700. The Newcastle Asylum had 26 inmates; the others were, according to Mr. Talbot, 451. The Manchester and Salford Asylum admitted 82; but the report fails to give the number who left the house. The Police Report of 1846 gives those out of doors as 738; and we must remember that the police only register the notorious.

It being allowed that the provision for reformation is utterly insignificant as compared with the amount of vice, it may, however, be asked whether the supply is not equal to the demand. Many are apt to think that the conscience of such sinners soon becomes seared; that in them we deal with hopeless subjects, and that out of the wretched 12,000 in London the number of those who would desire to forsake their evil ways is but small. We answer that there is, we are convinced, a great mass of material which may be worked upon with success, provided the right time be seized. We are speaking essentially of a *passion*; when the first burst of that is over, all principle, all conscience, all the movements of the better mind are not gone. True charity will weigh the temptations which drive many to dishonor. Often, as Duchâtelet largely illustrates, the fatal step may be traced to utter destitution and over-work; he and all his followers enumerate also ill-usage or evil example at home—the promiscuous mode of living in the families of the poor, which loosens the principle of modesty from the earliest youth—want of religious training—sometimes a promise of marriage made and heard, alas, in a weaker hour—sometimes a mere gust of passion suddenly throwing down strength which had withstood many assaults. The humane physician, who so closely sifted the question in Paris, gives us abundant evidence that the desire to escape from the guilty course is widely spread. We cannot forbear quoting one passage from his extraordinary work, in which, be it observed, he is speaking not of novices in vice, but of the worst class in one of the most profligate cities:—

Elles connaissent toute leur abjection, et en ont, à ce qu'il paraît, une idée bien profonde; elles sont à elles-mêmes un sujet d'horreur; le mépris qu'elles ont pour elles dépasse souvent celui que leur portent toutes les personnes vertueuses; elles regrettent d'être déçues, elles font des projets, et même des efforts, pour sortir de leur état; mais tous ces efforts sont infructueux, et ce qui les désespère, c'est de savoir qu'elles passent, dans l'esprit de tout le monde, pour la fange et la boue de la société. * * * * Me trouvant un jour dans une salle de l'hôpital sans être aperçu, j'entendis une fille s'écrier, en admirant la beauté du ciel, "Que Dieu est bon de nous envoyer un si beau temps! Il nous traite mieux que nous ne méritons:" et toute la salle de répéter à la fois, "C'est bien vrai!" * * * * On dirait que ce sentiment de leur abjection et du mépris qu'on leur porte excite davantage leur orgueil et leur amour-propre—défauts qu'elles portent à un degré excessif: celui qui les blesse de ce côté encourt à jamais leur disgrâce et ne peut rien obtenir d'elles. Mais si on leur parle avec douceur, si on leur témoigne de l'intérêt, si on leur fait entendre qu'elles peuvent rentrer dans la société et recouvrer l'estime publique, ce seul espoir les ranime et les fait palpiter de joie.—*Duchâtelet*, tome i., p. 107.

But we are able at once to overthrow the notion that in London the supply is equal to the demand, by the plain statement *that more apply for admission than the existing penitentiaries can receive*. This is a simple and a sufficient fact. We may well suppose that it costs a woman, covered with her own shame, no slight effort to present herself at the door of a penitentiary. Is there not something awful in the thought of turning away even one such applicant—of stifling the feeling of repentance when an actual step has been taken towards an altered life—of closing the door of mercy when in some warm moment of godly sorrow the lost sheep hurries to the fold, and should be received "rejoicing?" It is upon this melancholy truth, which frowns upon the spurious bashfulness of the day, we would concentrate the attention of our readers. The Magdalen Hospital, the best as well as the first and largest penitentiary, confesses that frequently as many as forty or fifty present themselves at the monthly board, but, as "it often happens there are but few vacancies, only the most promising are received." "During the year ending March 31, 1847," says the Report of the London Female Penitentiary, "169 presented themselves as applicants for reception—to 73 admission was granted;" i. e. more than half were refused. The Westminster Asylum declares that "many of those who are looked upon as the outcasts of our species, are anxious to leave their guilty course, and are entreating to be received into the asylum; but for want of funds the committee are unable to extend to them a helping hand; although there is ample room in the house to accommodate a considerable increase of inmates, they have been under the painful necessity of refusing admission to no less than forty-two during the last year." The London Society for the Protection of Young Females

(1847) tells us that "since the augmentation of the number of inmates, very many young females have applied for admission into the asylum. Unhappily, the committee have been compelled—painfully compelled—to refuse most of these." During the past year they had 150 applicants, but were able to receive only thirty. While this sheet is printing we receive a circular from the committee of the asylum attached to the Lock Hospital, saying:—

Above one hundred and fifty degraded daughters of the poor, for the most part of a very tender age, pass through the adjoining hospital in the course of a year. The greater proportion of these having been faithfully instructed during their residence in the wards, express the most earnest desire to be saved from their life of shame. But whither can they go? Exasperated relatives spurn them from their doors. Virtuous families refuse to employ or shelter them. Even the asylum established for this very object, in its present incomplete state, (incapable of containing more than twenty inmates,) is compelled in the great majority of instances to reject them. What then remains for them, unless the helping hand of charity is stretched forth for their deliverance, but to revert to their former habits of infamy, in all human probability speedily to perish?—Aug. 1848.

The reports of the other metropolitan and of the provincial penitentiaries only repeat the same hard tale. And may we not reasonably infer that we are far from seeing the whole number who desire admission, when we run over the lists of these rejections? Each denial probably repels more than one from the way of repentance. The news spreads; many who were waiting to hear the fate of their companions, apply the refusal to themselves, and never venture on a petition. But, moreover, the committees are driven into a principle of selection, which, however skilfully or conscientiously carried out, must be continually leading them to reject the more sincere and to accept the more plausible applicants. It is true that at certain times of year, i. e. from November to February, many struggle into the penitentiaries from no higher motives than to house themselves and be fed through the winter, when their guilty trade droops and the weather adds to its miseries. But still even these, we conceive, should not be driven back; the door should be open, whatever prompts the knock. Might we not regard these very intervals of destitution as means providentially designed for their reformation—as a chastisement which should scourge them from their haunts? Supposing them to be received, even though they come with no other object than to get bed and board in hard times, might not kind treatment, the break in their mode of life, the disentanglement from their companions, the pastoral ministrations, the opportunities of reflection, the use of religious books, strike sparks from the smouldering conscience, and in some cases at least create a desire to stay and repent, though no repentance was in their thoughts when they

crossed the threshold? It is our strong conviction that, as long as a single applicant is refused, one great duty of a Christian people is left undone.

At the same time let us not be understood to suppose that the whole duty is done when all who seek for shelter are received—when the supply of penitentiaries is equal to the demand. It may seem, indeed, somewhat wild to speak of going out to fetch wanderers home, when so many of those who have already risen up like the prodigal, and are at every door of the home of penitents, have none to lead them in; but we cannot entirely put out of sight the duty of *searching* for the lost sheep in the wilderness. There is a false but not unnatural shame which deters many from presenting themselves at the door of a penitentiary, who might be led thither and persuaded. It is not enough to *wait* for the returning wanderers, to have all things in readiness for their reception, to open the door when they have found the heart to knock. There is certainly a sort of missionary machinery required, by which especially the beginners in this vicious life might be pleaded with. The report of the Magdalen states that even “the existence of the institution is little known to a great number of persons for whose welfare it is established.” This we can readily believe. It may be often difficult for a poor girl, when she longs to repent, to know how to set about the task of obtaining admission, or where to go. The more she feels her own degradation the longer may she defer the step. Might not some mode of distributing papers be contrived, in which there should be all necessary particulars regarding penitentiaries, accompanied by some brief but strong persuasive to forsake such a life? It is strange that in this tract-distributing age we have never yet fallen in with a single earnest entreaty addressed to the sinner of this particular class. Drunkards, thieves, blasphemers, all have their appropriate tracts; *she* is left out.

But to return to those who seek and are refused (the case which is at any rate to be considered first)—it may be said, if there are so many leading a life they loathe, why do they not return at once to their parents' roof? There are more difficulties here than even the Lock circular suggests. We will pass over the parents whose unkindness turned the scale of a vibrating resolution. We will also pass over those who, without having this guilt at their door, have been stern and unrelenting towards their children after they have fallen. We will take the average of the class of life from which the supply is mostly drawn. What, we ask, is a poor parent to do with a daughter who returns with a bankrupt character? Is not the cost of her maintenance a stumbling-block to her reception, especially when we find, from the evidence of M. Duchâtelet in Paris, and of the best authorities in London, that poverty has a large, if not the largest, share in the original mischief—that under-paid needlewomen, and so forth, furnish perhaps the majority of recruits?

But if the parents are able to maintain their child, is there not some natural doubt of the depth or permanency of an untried contrition? Are they not bringing discredit on their home, involving themselves in a certain degree of disrepute—or at any rate running great risks with the character of the family, unless their erring daughter should at once conduct herself as the very truest, most reformed penitent; a matter on which they cannot prophesy? Above all, may they not dread the contamination of other children, supposing it to turn out that there had been only a fit of remorse, a transitory pang of conscience? Are they not appearing to encourage the others to go wrong, if the door is at once open and the wanderer instantly received? Where return is easy, there may be temptation to fly. But further, as regards the daughter herself, we believe it infinitely for her good, under all circumstances, that she should be able to shelter herself at first in a penitentiary. The better her parents, the more will she shrink from confronting them; she will be found instinctively to say, “Take me anywhere but home first; let me not pass at once from the fume of my guilty life into that pure circle; let me be able to show some proofs of repentance, and in some sort retrieve myself, before I meet ‘the old familiar faces.’” Again, she wants an advocate to pave the way for her return. A year or two's good behavior at a penitentiary is a guarantee; she comes back as a penitent whom the neighbors know to have been for some time under proper care. And again, as she wants “character,” so a character given her by her parents will not go for much; a good report from the authorities of a penitentiary is a different thing. But to take the most important point of all, we do not conceive that home is the best place at the very outset. Even the kindest home in humble life yields little privacy. What she wants is penitential discipline. How is her spiritual reformation to be carried on with any system amid all the domestic cares, the noise of children, the occupations, the common conversation and routine? She is not in an ordinary state; there is no provision here for her especial work, no means of guidance, no yoke for the subjugation of the disordered soul. A religious house, a spiritual hospital, is what she really wants. Give her retirement, quiet, opportunity of devotion, help to reflection, spiritual ministrations especially directed to her condition—in short a mode of life provided and adapted to her circumstances. On these grounds, and particularly on the last, we rest our appeal for the support and increase of penitentiaries.

There are others, however, who look rather to legislative enactments. That much, very much, might be done by stronger laws against houses of ill-fame and those who lay traps for unwary girls, it seems difficult to doubt. We have watched with interest the efforts that of late years have been made in parliament; a certain degree of false bashfulness has not been wanting even there, while a little over-stringency in some of the meas-

ures introduced has helped the bashful to suppress the subject for a time. But still we see that amid some rebuffs and some delays it is working onward; the efforts of the bishops of Exeter and Oxford have not been thrown away. We can scarcely regret delays which are likely to produce the fruit of mature reflection. Hasty legislation would be very perilous in such a cause; if the first bill proved a failure, the subject would too probably be shelved forever. But, after all, though the law might, we believe, be made to do much, it could not do everything. As the principle of sin cannot be smothered by the law, however the law may seize hold of the more glaring baits which sin holds out, so there will be always a host of ingenious evasions of the letter of the law. Penitentiaries, we may be too sure, will never cease to be required.

There are others who meet the question in a different way;—if, they argue, we provide too freely the means of retrieving character and position, are we not taking down one of the fences of virtue? But it is the very nature of passion not to make calculations, not to provide against the future. The argument presupposes a degree of reflection which in nine cases out of ten does not exist. If, too, it is of any worth, it must be evenly applied to all kinds of sinners; the whole doctrine of repentance must be set aside as hurtful to the cause of virtue and religion. Away with our model prisons, which in this view can be only considered as standing advertisements for the encouragement of thieves.

But we take a narrow view of penitentiaries if we consider only the women themselves. Every woman rejected from their doors returns to her trade of contamination. Our population receives again a poison that it might have escaped; those who stand aloof from such a subject as this may suffer in their own families from the tide of iniquity they would do nothing to check. In the upper ranks it is impossible to say how much of domestic misery, broken hopes, ruined fortunes, lost character, and injured health, waste of mental and loss of moral powers, may be traced to the influence of those who might have been rescued. If we consider the less fortunate classes of society, how long is the inventory of crimes, of drunkenness, thefts, forgeries, embezzlements, which may all be traced back to the indulgence of one youthful passion! If, indeed, prison discipline is to have a monopoly of care, and those only whom the law reaches are to engross the energies of the humane, we venture to prophesy that our Pentonvilles, be they ever so multiplied, will never cease to be furnished with cargoes of living vice. We may cease to hope for empty cells and maiden asizes so long as, when the thief's punishment has expired, his paramour is waiting at the gate.

Let us examine the actual effects of these institutions. That many, unable to bear restraint, stay only for a time and return to their evil life, is true. We must be prepared for disappointments in all attempts to reform *habit*. But we

venture to say that in no other cause will be found a greater harvest of substantial success. We read in the "Short Account of the Magdalen Hospital," that "great pains were taken by the treasurer, in the course of the year 1843, to trace out the situation of all those young women who left the house during the preceding four years;" and the result of the inquiry shows that *more than two thirds of the number were permanently reclaimed*:—

In service or with their friends,	151
Married,	43
Dead,	5
Lunatic,	1
Situation unknown,	46
Behaving ill,	43

289

The Report of the London Female Penitentiary for 1847 gives this statement:—

In the house at the beginning of the year,	95
Admitted,	73
	—168
Sent to service or friends,	49
Married,	1
Left at their own request,	5
Dismissed for ill conduct,	9
Sent to hospital,	1
Sent for pregnancy,	1
Sent to their parishes,	2
Remaining in the institution,	100
	—168

The Westminster Penitentiary, 1848, shows since the formation of that asylum in 1837:—

Cases admitted,	217
Restored to their friends or service,	105

The British Penitent Female Refuge, 1847, states:—

In the asylum at the commencement of the year,	38
Admitted,	28
	—66
Restored to friends or in service,	27

The Lock Asylum reports, from 1787 to 1846:—

Admitted,	1092
Restored to their friends or placed in service,	522

The Liverpool Benevolent Society reports in 1847:—

Received from commencement,	392
Restored to friends or in service,	186
Married,	22

The Liverpool Penitentiary:—

Received from the commencement,	1425
Restored to friends,	470

The Devon and Exeter:—

Received since the commencement,	362
Restored to friends, or in service,	226

The Gloucester Magdalen:—

Admitted since its institution,	305
Restored to friends, or in service,	216

The Bath Penitentiary during the last three years:—

Admitted, 99
 Restored to friends, or in service, 37

These statistics are quite enough, by way of sample. Make all allowance for a certain roseate hue, which is apt to warm the pages of all charitable reports, there is still left us a very hopeful balance; and we are far from thinking that the existing penitentiaries have reached the height of attainable efficiency. On the contrary, we cannot admit that they have reached even the half-way house. In the machinery that works all this good we discern but the irregular movements of a rude primitive contrivance. It may seem invidious to expose the flaws and blemishes of the only instruments which are in present use for the correction of so great an evil; but our very admiration of what has been done prompts us to consider how much more might be achieved: it would indeed be a stand-still world if we were all to keep at the heels of first inventions or first experiments.

That we are bilious inventors of imaginary faults, or gazing at petty defects through the magnifying glasses of a captious spirit, will hardly be alleged by those who know that in institutions, which ought to be religious houses in the strictest sense, schools of penitence, hospitals for souls diseased, there is such a deficiency of all the grand appliances of religion that for the most part they have neither chapels nor resident chaplains. These principal means of conducting the unfortunate through a course of penitence are possessed by no more than some five or six out of all the number of institutions.

It is very well, in case of necessity, to turn a board-room or dining-room into a temporary house of prayer, to shove off the plates and table-cloths, and once a week to wheel a locomotive reading-desk and pulpit from the corner, where they have become encrusted with week-day dust. At best, however, these things tend to irreverence:—and where the grand aim is to create afresh a feeling of reverence, to revive the sense of the presence of God, and when we have to deal with creatures of excitable mind, capable of being strongly acted upon by outward things, there seems a double call for avoiding such make-shifts. A strong and definite religious character cannot be impressed upon an institution in which the chapel is not made, we do not say an integral, but the prominent object. Without such a feature as this, we leave out the visible assertion of that most encouraging truth, that God is present among sinners who repent. It is a great thing to show a perpetual sanctuary in the midst of them, a well-spring of consolation, a tower of protection where the suppliant can be received, an altar whose horns may always be seized in the humble hope of forgiveness.

The want of chapels, then, is a great and grievous want. But those which some possess are either little or wrongly used. They are mostly no better than "popular chapels." The chief area is for people who are on a Sunday-chase after eloquence, and who by no means design to

number themselves peculiarly among penitents. The whole system is the "popular" system. Popular preachers are engaged, not for the sake of the forlorn penitents, but of the idle and wealthy vagrants. The poor women are packed together, as ungainly lumber, in galleries carefully screened from the gaze of the more honored congregation below, as if they were only present on sufferance; and instead of hearing their own peculiar hopes, fears, perils, encouragements, dwelt upon for their own benefit, they are forced to feel that even in their own house of prayer they are looked upon as the refuse of the world. The doors of a Magdalen chapel should be closed against all but the Magdalen; a general congregation invites of course a corresponding style of preaching. The peculiar and crying need of the inmates is sacrificed—or lowered to a secondary place. The Magdalen Hospital has no less than a couple of preachers; the morning gentleman receives £150 per annum; the afternoon one, who, we conclude, is not expected to preach so well, has but £110. These are merely preachers; the resident chaplain, who is of course the fit person to instruct the penitents on Sunday, from his care over them and his knowledge of them in the week, is confined to week-day ministrations. Now we cannot but desire the immediate suppression of the preachers' office; the £260 per annum, thus saved, might be used in obtaining the services of a superior matron. We should like to see a lady—we mean anything but a fine lady—in charge of such an establishment: nicety of feeling, delicacy, and considerateness—such important elements in dealing with female penitents—are to be found in a higher degree among the higher classes; and a matron of this sort, let us suppose the widow of a clergyman, accustomed to the poor, and acquainted with their habits of thought, would be invaluable to the efficiency of a Penitentiary. And not only are the chapels misused, by being flooded with hungry sermon-hunters, gazing up to the idol preacher with idolatrous eyes: we cannot find that in a single instance they give the inmates the benefit of daily service. How much happier in this, as in other respects, are the criminals in Pentonville! But even this is not the worst. Not more than one or two penitentiaries have a chaplain's lodge, or a chaplain living within the walls—that is, the rest are all without the proper ruling power as religious houses. Far more effective here—far more necessary—is the pastor's office than the preacher's. With a religious instructor who becomes acquainted with each individual character, catches them in all moods, makes allowances for fluctuations of feeling, watches his opportunities, gives rebuke or encouragement in fit measures and at fit times, lifts up or humbles according to the patient's need—with such a one, daily seen, ever at hand, the penitents will feel at home; to him they will be more disposed to confess doubts and struggles, to make free communications for the relief of their souls.

No fit course of penitential discipline can be

carried on without resident chaplains. And yet happy in comparison with the great mass of penitentiaries, are those which can even secure the services of an honorary non-resident chaplain, who, after other labors, is ready to devote the fagged remnant of a day to the magdalenes. In this case they have at least the influence of one consistent mind, one mode of management, one system of doctrine. Insufficient as such occasional ministrations must be, even the occasional services of a minister of the church, are no trivial boon. The mass of penitentiaries seems to be utterly without any religious system, any fixed religious views or discipline, and to trust to the desultory, indefinite, and varying instruction of any who may volunteer to teach. They are mostly in the hands of dissent, or of that portion of the church which gives dissenting practices and doctrines at least half its heart. The church, in fact, has no hold upon penitentiaries; they have escaped her hands; or rather, what she has neglected to do, has been taken in hand by those good Samaritans who had pity upon wounded and dying souls. Be all thanks given to *them*; but the necessary result—a varying, unfixed, irregular mode of instructing the penitents—cannot but be lamented. A penitentiary, in such a case, becomes a sort of spiritual hospital, which practitioners from a dozen schools walk through in succession, each feeling the patient's pulse, all differing in the treatment they recommend. Even if we could imagine the most perfect harmony in the views and doctrines of "ministers of all denominations," the very variety of faces and manners is enough to bewilder and confuse. We cannot conceive greater obstacles to the work of true repentance than such a shifting multitude of confessors, and such an exposed confessional. To be ever unbandaging the sore soul to every passer-by, to be opening out afresh the former life and present frame of mind, to be a sort of living subject for a host of spiritual dissectors, is for the novice in repentance a most perilous process. She will be either tempted to become a mere talker, to catch up a certain phraseology, easily learnt, which she sees is thought a token of promise—and thus perhaps deceive herself as well as others—or else to shrink from those real communications of her feelings, which might, under other circumstances, have done her good, and, from the impulse of natural reserve, to carry on her work entirely by herself, only saying as much as would secure her some intervals of peace. When the Baptist, the Wesleyan, the Independent, the Quaker, and the agent of the City Mission are all moving round the wards—we do not question, we well know, that ardent zeal and piety are in presence—but we do not conceive it uncharitable to say that there is too much talk, too much noise, too much confusion of tongues, to help forward, or to deepen, in the way which these worthy men themselves would aim at, the great inward work of a self-condemned spirit. Nor do we think that we touch the edge of uncharitableness in supposing that a

certain proselytizing spirit will be found to tinge the instruction of these motley religionists. The Wesleyan will be tempted to give a Wesleyan hue to his admonitions; the Independent to turn the head of the penitent towards Independent principles; the Baptist to act as a finger-post to the Baptist chapel should she leave the penitentiary in an altered mind. Without-blaming such natural ebullitions of party zeal, yet this under-current of a proselytizing spirit is perhaps the last which should be suffered to mix itself with the stern simple doctrine of Gospel repentance.

But though we object to such a variety of teachers and such a variety of views, we are not sure whether the point on which all dissenting or semi-dissenting minds seem to agree is not more perilous still; we allude to the doctrine of "instantaneous conversion"—a doctrine at all times dangerous, but peculiarly so when put before the minds of these poor women. In the female mind it is at all times more likely to find favor. Where the nervous system is more tender, a doctrine that has so much to do with animal as well as mental feeling can more easily be brought to bear. If it be pressed upon young frail creatures, when they are just waking up to a fearful consciousness of their sins, its application may work the greatest mischief—with some by leading them to presume on their safety because of certain questionable sensations—with others by driving to absolute despair, because, perhaps from the possession of less excitable nerves, they cannot lash themselves into that convulsed and agitated state, those spiritual hysterics, which they are taught to look upon as the crisis and the proof of conversion. One shall shudder at herself as a castaway—another as rashly fancy herself a saint. We want the sober view of repentance which the church has the grace to hold, to prevent false assurance on the one hand, or unwarrantable despair on the other. In short, we want the church to take a bolder part in the cause of those whom, from her more sober view of piety, she would more wisely train. We bestow no stinted measure of admiration on those well-meaning bodies who shame the church by their greater zeal; but our admiration of their zeal must not blind us to the defects of their principles; and if these defects could be removed by the establishment of church penitentiaries, we think that present results, encouraging as they are, would fall far short of future fruit.

To descend to lesser, but not unimportant, defects that mar success, we cannot but notice the want of anything approaching "the separate system." We are not dreaming of such a development of that system as has been exemplified at Pentonville; for in the first place, in penitentiaries we have to deal with what may be called voluntary prisoners; we could scarcely expect such a degree of voluntary isolation, and it would be difficult to enforce it; in the next place, it might be questioned whether the female mind would be able to bear so much of solitude after so restless a course of life spent in crowds and revels.

But still we conceive a certain share of solitude is requisite for the furtherance of the great work. Some portion of the day should be spent alone; the hours might be so divided as to afford enough of society and fellowship to sustain the spirits, and also a sufficient amount of solitude to induce habits of reflection, self-examination, and prayer. "Commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and *be still*," seems an exhortation peculiarly addressed to those who have been living in a constant whirl—hurrying from any intercourse either with God or with themselves. We cannot discover that any penitentiary yields suitable opportunities of privacy. The women have no cells or chambers of their own; seven or eight occupy one sleeping-room, and there appear to be no places of retirement into which they might withdraw for a portion of the day. This cannot be the way to encourage the habit of devotion in those who have left off praying. We know and deplore the difficulty that attacks boyish minds in having to pray before other boys—the evil that has ensued from depriving lads at school of privacy—from making them sleep in herds. The worse elements are apt to keep down the better; those who wish to pray often quail before the ridicule which has such power over weak, unstable minds. If this is the case where habit is on the boy's side, how much greater the difficulty where devotion has to be re-learned, to be begun afresh!

An efficient system of classification is not less essential for female penitents. They should not work together in great numbers, and both original rank in life as well as present moral condition should be considered. The truth is, that "work" has been so necessary to the very existence of these asylums, that they have partaken too much of the character of industrial institutions. We would not underrate the value of restoring industrial habits; the spirit of indolence is, we are aware, strongly fixed, and cannot easily be driven forth; but in a penitentiary hospital everything should give way to religious advancement. Even although they can do more work in numbers, if the result be that they are to make less growth in godliness, count the cost on either side, and make up your mind whether it will not be the true wisdom to let them be split into lesser companies, and trust to more of external support for recompensing some loss of pounds, shillings, and pence.

As regards the improvement of the provincial penitentiaries, we think the first step should be to lessen their number. If, instead of an ill-supported, half-starved, stunted magdalen in every town, in which there can be no chapel, nor resident chaplain, nor due classification, nor opportunities of privacy, one large, well-arranged, vigorous penitentiary were placed in the centre of a given district, ten times the amount of good would be effected. There is a great waste of funds in supporting half a dozen separate institutions, each with its separate staff. Each penitentiary, though it holds only thirty inmates, requires its chaplain

and its matron; if six of them were absorbed in one, holding 180, one matron, one chaplain, would be as efficient as the six. With what comparative ease, too, might such an institution be made to yield its separate cells or chambers! If it were fixed at some central point of the district, offices might at no great cost be opened in the several towns for a couple of hours in the evening for the admission of penitents; railroads would lessen the expense of conveyance. Thus, for Bristol, Exeter, Taunton, Gloucester, and Bath, we might have one central penitentiary; another would suffice for Leeds, York, Ripon, Huddersfield, Bradford, Hull, &c. In no other way can we see the prospect of obtaining efficient institutions. Duchâtelet strongly recommends the establishment of penitentiaries in the country, and not in towns. Health and the means of relaxation are much to be considered in the case of those who have been ruining their health and have been little used to confinement. Good large grounds, where healthful exercise might be taken with some pleasure, to say nothing of opportunities of gardening, might often help to keep some restless spirit within the bounds who would ill brook the questionable recreation afforded within the dingy, cheerless walls of a town enclosure.

In thus venturing to suggest measures of improvement, we must not omit to say that we object *in toto* to Ladies' Committees. We cannot think of a board of ladies well suited to deal with this class of objects. Often the very tenderness of their natures would stand in the way of the proper treatment; for true pity often requires a mixture of severity. Since, moreover, we are standing forth as the practical opponents of false modesty and false shame, by giving prominence to such a subject as this, we may express a doubt whether it is advisable for pure-minded women to put themselves in the way of such a knowledge of evil as must be learnt in dealing with the fallen members of their sex. Not that we would deter women of the higher orders from interesting themselves in such a cause. The very sameness of sex should lead them above all others to pity the fallen and the frail. But there might be other and better modes of showing practical compassion and practical mercy; above all, they may give bountifully of their worldly means to penitential hospitals; in this way the pure, without being soiled by any contact with impurity, may help to rescue the unhappy; those who are placed above the temptations which beat to the ground so many of a lower rank, may thus help to lift up those that are fallen and to replace them upon virtue's path. It is in their power, too, not only to befriend the houses of refuge where the penitent has to go through her work of repentance, but show pity towards her, when she has left a good trustworthy asylum, with good testimonials, by taking her into service. Here, of course, especial watchfulness would be required; but though there may be some awkwardness in the way of the

reception of such persons, and even some risk, yet true charity is a marvellous conqueror of difficulties.

While we speak of alms, we need not hesitate to suggest the duty of continual almsgiving in this cause to those of our own sex who in their earlier days, for ever so short a season, gave way to youthful sins. Many such have lived deeply to regret the stains which discolored their opening years, are now among the best and foremost in all works of good, and are living as altered men with their wives and children happy about them. Not so those with whom they sinned. Some have perished in their sins;* others, with almost broken hearts, are forced to continue their pilgrimage of guilt and woe; for these we claim, not words alone nor thoughts, but deeds of pity. Restitution is a part of penitence; it is at least possible to give year by year penitential contributions to those asylums which are devoted to the reformation of fallen women.

From the Examiner.

A Campaign in New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan.
By FRANK S. EDWARDS, a Volunteer. With a Map of the Route, and a Table of the Distances traversed.

SINCE that gallant soldier, Fluellen, discovered the remarkable resemblance that existed between Macedon and Monmouth in the fact of a river running through both, and both rivers having salmon in them, we have had no similar discovery worth mention until the other day, when an enthusiastic democrat editor at New York proclaimed a not less striking parallel between Xenophon, colonel of the Greeks at the retreat out of Persia, and Doniphan, colonel of the Missouri mounted volunteers on the march into Mexico. Nor is there a want of resemblance, though the editor does not always hit it. Both were piratical expeditions, for instance, though one was successful and the other not; the march and the retreat occupied nearly the same number of months; the difference in the number of miles traversed was nearly as four to six thousand; and there is a *ph*, an *o*, and two *ns* in the names of both com-

*Every reader of the newspapers knows well what a multitude of suicides thin every year the ranks of these unhappiest of all human creatures. Month after month, and week after week, the terrible truth of Hood's verse (and we may now add, of George Cruikshank's tragic pencil) is realized:—

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere—anywhere
Out of the world!
In she plunged boldly;
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Hood's Poems.

manders. We must also admit the high probability that the Missouri men were occasionally as hard pushed in their commissariat as the Greeks, for it seems they never received "one cent of pay." Here be resemblances which we need not hesitate to place at the service of our brother editor of New York.

One thing is confessed to be wanting. Colonel Doniphan has not yet imitated the example of Colonel Xenophon in the field of literature; though his editorial friend undertakes to avouch, "if he will only write as charming and as perfect a history" as was written two thousand years ago, that mankind, two thousand years hence, will admire and honor him. The history, however, not being yet forthcoming, a young volunteer offers meanwhile what he modestly calls "the imperfect account" which now lies upon our table. It is worth reading. We get from it a very vivid notion of that astonishing Mexican war. We find that our Missouri mounted regiment, from June '46 to June '47, transacted a marauding volunteer expedition of nearly six thousand miles, traversing Durango and New Leon, conquering New Mexico and Chihuahua, never receiving the least order or information from the American government, unvisited by supplies of any kind or "one cent of pay," living exclusively on the country through which they passed, and supplying themselves with powder and ball by capturing them from the enemy! They fought three "battles" as they are called, killing hundreds of Mexicans, taking incalculable plunder, and not losing a single man!! We commend the account to the romantic reader. It bangs Banagher, as the late Mr. O'Connell used to say.

Let us show Colonel Doniphan in one of these surprising battles. The great battle of Sacramento, for example, where the loss of the Americans amounted to a mule, a horse's head, and a cannon-wheel; and that of the Mexicans to three hundred men killed on the field, four or five hundred wounded, sixty or seventy made prisoners, and the additional capture by the Americans of vast quantities of provisions, several thousand dollars in hard cash, fifty thousand head of sheep, fifteen hundred head of cattle, a hundred mules, twenty wagons, thirty carts, twenty-five thousand pounds of ammunition, eleven pieces of cannon, six wall pieces, a hundred stand of arms, a hundred stand of colors, "and many other things of less note!!" The Mexican artillery, in other words, was a game of nine-pins, and the American a real battery. The gallant Missouri volunteers had nothing to do but sit their horses and dodge the Mexican balls as they struck the ground midway and came harmlessly humming along, while their own deadlier field-pieces mowed lane after lane through the solid columns of the poor blundering enemy before them. No wonder, therefore, our heroic Colonel Doniphan should be described, during the progress of the action, sitting coolly on his beautiful chestnut charger, with his legs crossed over the saddle, steadily whittling a piece of wood, his eye glancing proudly over the ranks of his little band!! A picture perhaps wor-

thy of antiquity, though we are not aware of anything like it in the *Anabasis*.

But we have yet to make it complete. As the cannonade becomes hotter, the colonel says quietly, "Well! they're giving us — now, boys!" and passes to the left of the position so coolly that he does not even uncross his leg. Now posterity, if the colonel persists in withholding his own history, will probably be anxious for an explanation of the — of his volunteer historian; but we can only explain it by an incidental comment in another part of the work, sketchily descriptive of the colonel. Doniphan, it appears, is about six feet two, and, like Xenophon, had reached his fortieth year before he thus flowered into fame. Like Xenophon, too, whose military genius is supposed to have languished many years beneath the *toga civilis*, Doniphan had been a lawyer in Missouri. The colonel, Mr. Edwards adds, and here we regret that imperfect information as to Xenophon compels us to drop the parallel, "is in the habit of interlarding his language with strong expressions which many Eastern men would call something very like swearing."

We take the opportunity of mentioning another trait of the colonel's, from which it would seem that, however emulous of the splendors of antiquity, Doniphan does not affect that strictness of discipline which has distinguished some commanders of modern days. A poor Spaniard complained to him on one occasion that a soldier had stolen his pig. The soldier accused was standing by, and the commander turned and asked him if this was true. "Yes," said the man; bluntly adding, "and pray, colonel, what are you going to do about it?" The colonel looked rather puzzled, but got out after some hesitation, "Well! I don't know, unless I come and help you to eat it." The consideration of "not a single cent of pay" must not, to be sure, be lost sight of. Our Missouri friends were by this time but a ragged regiment; ill-provided with stout pairs of breeches, whatever the stoutness of their hearts might be. The fragments of the single suit, in which each man had left his home six months before, clung round him now but badly. In the whole regiment there was hardly a jacket, and not two pair of pantaloons of the same hue. All the remains of uniform were the red flannel or checked shirt; "shoes were a luxury, and hats a very doubtful article." Mr. Edwards proceeds to ask, very naïvely, "and if our habiliments were thus, at this time, what were they further south?"

Certainly far from unnatural was a little anxiety on that head as our friends got further south, and were told to prepare themselves for review by no less a person than the commander-in-chief of the American forces. But the alarm did not last long. Soon after they arrived at the general's camp, they saw a rather common-looking man, stumpy and fat, dressed in a checked shirt, fancy trousers of common stuff, brown holland coat, and large straw hat, examining very attentively their Mexican pieces of cannon; and soon the whisper went round, *That's*

him! Yes, it was no less. It was old Rough-and-Ready himself, that "stern old locust stump," in whom we hope to welcome very soon the new president of the American republic. A dialogue between the general and the colonel followed, which we shall give as characteristic of the gallant Doniphan. "By the bye, colonel," says General Taylor graciously, "every one is talking of your charge at Sacramento. I understand it was a brilliant affair. I wish you would give me a description of it, and of your *monœuvres*." "Manœuvres be hanged!" returns Doniphan (respect for his commander, no doubt, suggesting this modest departure from his less scrupulous swearing habit.) "I don't know anything about the charge, except that my boys kept coming to me to let them charge, but I wouldn't let them, for I was afraid they would be all cut to pieces. At last I saw a favorable moment and told them they might go. They were off like a shot—and that's all I know about it!"

This little volume is really very amusing. There are some well-told adventures in it, and a few clever sketches of Indian and Mexican manners and character. One of the most striking anecdotes is of a Mexican who underwent execution on one of the detestable pretences which so often disgraced the American invaders in this wicked war. As they led him into the square he coolly pulled out his flint and steel, and little paper cigarito, and while his executioners took their post he struck a light, began smoking as calmly as possible, and in two minutes fell dead, with the smoking cigarito still between his lips. Mr. Edwards stood by, and did not see a muscle of his face quiver when the rifles were levelled at him. He looked coolly at his executioners, pressed to his breast a small cross which hung round his neck, and puffed the smoke from his cigar.

HATCHING FISH.—Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of the water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell (which has been fresh emptied) through a small hole; which is then stopped, and the shell is then placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water till they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Medical Times*.

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.—If it is true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.—*Milton*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PART II.

RESUMING our examination of the language employed in the Gospels, in reference to the *daimonic* possessions of Judea, we must point it out as a very remarkable circumstance, and one deserving of great weight, that nowhere in the gospels does our Lord himself use the term *daimon*, or any of its derivatives, in our sense of *devil*. Wherever a spiritual being, morally wicked, is spoken of in the gospels, it is either *Satan*, or the wicked one, or *diabolos*, the proper word for devil, that is used. This latter word occurs fifteen times in the evangelical narratives; it is applied nine times to the tempter of our Lord in the wilderness; once, to the enemy who steals the good seed; once, to the enemy who sows the tares; once, to the spirit that animated the wicked Jews, "Ye are of your father the devil;" once, in the condemnation of the wicked, at the general judgment, to "the fire prepared for the devil and his angels;" once, to the devil who put it into the heart of Judas to betray Jesus; once to Judas himself, where it is used without the definite article, and is properly translated "a devil;" the first fourteen of these cases referring to the wicked spirit, who is the tempter of mankind, and the last to a man morally evil. Now, although the words, "*daimon*," its neuter form, "*daimonion*," and the participle "*daimonizomenos*," which is translated, "possessed by devils," or "tormented by devils," occur no less than sixty-three times in the gospels, in no one of these cases are the terms applied in a purely moral sense. In forty-eight instances, they are applied to those cases of possession, which, in common with other diseases, our Lord healed—a term repeatedly applied to them; twice to the case of Magdalen, in connection with "evil spirits and infirmities," and evidently referring to cases of physical suffering or weakness like the rest; four times—still in connection with these bodily cures—to "the prince of *daimons*," an exorcist power, through whom these daimonic affections or paroxysms were supposed to be expelled—of whom more hereafter; and twice in reference to St. John the Baptist's having, and seven times in reference to our Lord himself having a *daimon*, where it is clear, from the context, *daimon* has the same sense as the Mahratta *pishachu*, alluded to in our former paper, and referred to madness; for we read, in John x. 20, "And many of them said, he hath a devil [*daimon*] and is mad; why hear ye him?" Here we have the sense in which the Jews understood having a *daimon*, precisely that of the Hindoo of this day. For, as we said in our former paper, in reference to the application of the term *pishachu*, and its derivatives, "The ideas of lunacy and of devil-action, are, therefore, one; to have a devil is to be mad; all forms of lunacy are forms of demoniacal possession." This is clearly a very different sense from the notion attached to our word *devil*, or the Greek *diabolos*, which is applied to the cases of moral evil, as above noticed. In no one instance in the gospels

is the word *daimon*, or any of its derivatives, so applied.

It is true that our Lord, when the Pharisees said he cast out devils [*daimonia*] by Beelzebub, the prince of devils, [*daimonia*] uses the phrase, "How can Satan cast out Satan?" But here Satan is evidently used, not as *daimon* was by the Jews, to denote an individual possessing power, but to indicate the great head of the kingdom of evil upon earth, his works, and his dominion over man; and thus used, it would justly apply to these cases of bodily torture and mental derangement, whatever their intrinsic nature, as one branch of his work of evil. For, it should never be forgotten, in considering this subject, that our Lord speaks of all disease alike, nay, of all physical evil, as "the bondage of Satan," as "the power of the enemy." Thus, of the "woman which had a spirit of infirmity" eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in nowise lift up herself," and whom, addressing in these words, "Woman, thou art loosed from thy infirmity," he laid his hands on her, and immediately she was made straight;" whereupon "the ruler of the synagogue answered with indignation, because that Jesus had healed on the sabbath day"—of this case of infirmity, some form, evidently, of spinal, muscular, or nervous disease, which our Lord thus healed, he says, answering his adversaries and confuting them, as it is very remarkable he always does, upon their own principles and ideas, without either impugning or admitting these principles, but using them by some application, either literal or figurative, as the readiest instruments for inculcating moral truth, "Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you, on the sabbath, loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day?"—Luke xiii. 15, 16.

And with this view perfectly consorts our Lord's language on another remarkable occasion, when "the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils [*daimonia*] are subject unto us through thy name. And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy."—Luke x. 18, 19. Here, even the malignant instincts and energies of nature are set down by our Lord as portions of Satan's dominion; and he deems this power conferred upon his disciples over venomous reptiles, through faith in him and a union of their wills with his, to constitute, equally with the subjection of the *daimonia*, a part of that downfall of Satan's empire, which he depicts with such vivid brevity, in the vision of his lightning-like fall from heaven; of which it may be doubted whether it is figurative, or prophetic of some future final decadence of the rebel archangel, and the extinction of the moral evil which he introduced into the universe; or contains a brief and vivid glance into the past records of the spiritual world, such as is supposed to be veiled under the bold figure which the Hebrew prophet applies to the prince of Baby-

Jon:—"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! for thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend unto heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High."—Is. xiv. 12—14. From this contemplation, however, of the fall of Satan's dominion, our Lord immediately turns to warn his disciples that this subjection of the spirits [*πνεύματα*] constitutes no proper object of rejoicing to them, because this power of *healing* (for such it evidently was) had in it nothing intrinsically moral; it was a sanative power bestowed by him; it was an exercise of faith, which might indeed move mountains, and yet be devoid of that charity, without which it was but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; it was shared by the traitor, Judas. The true ground for their joy is added—"But rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven;" because ye are chosen to be my followers—to learn and proclaim my message of truth to the world—to imitate my example—to carry my cross—to glorify God by your lives and in your death.

The whole argument used by our Lord in his reply to the Pharisees, as completed by a collation of the three first evangelists, may be thus expressed:—"You allege that I cast out the powers of darkness, manifest in these visitations, by a league with, or by the authority of Beelzebub, the prince of these powers. But how can evil overcome evil, or one member of the Satanic kingdom expel another! Every kingdom and house divided against itself is brought to desolation. If Satan rise up against himself and cast out Satan, he is divided against himself, how shall then his kingdom stand? And if I, by Beelzebub, cast out *daimonia*, by whom do your children cast them out? Therefore they shall be your judges. But if I, with the finger and the spirit of God, cast out *daimonia*, then the kingdom of God is come unto you: for as these visitations upon man indicate the presence of evil and the dominion of Satan, their cure evinces the presence and the power of a greater than Satan—the presence and the power of God. For no one can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his house. Satan cannot cast out or spoil Satan: evil cannot vanquish evil. The power, therefore, by which I have bound and spoiled Satan, and expelled his powers, and healed his victims, and loosed his captives from their bondage, cannot be evil, cannot be from Satan: it must be good and holy—it must be from God." The argument is most perfect and irrefragable, whether we suppose, with the Jews of that day, that living wicked spirits tabernacled in, and tormented the sufferers whom Jesus healed and restored to their right mind; or that they were cases of cerebral disease, purely physical in their nature—yet, like all physical disease, a portion of the triumph obtained in the realms of nature, by the principle of evil, through the sin and fall of man.

But there is another point to be remarked in the answer of our Lord. He asks, "If I, by Beelze-

bub, cast out *daimonia*, by whom do your children cast them out?"

First, then, it appears from this, as we have elsewhere said, that the Jews had the power of casting out *daimonia*, either by the process handed down from the days of Solomon, who was so great a natural philosopher, and wrote so many books, now lost, "of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes," (1 Kings iv. 33,) or by some other means.

Secondly—who is this Beelzebub—this "LORD OF FLIES," as his name denotes—introduced by the three first evangelists in this dialogue, and in one other passage evidently referring to it, "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub," (Matt. x. 25,) but nowhere else mentioned in the New Testament? Is this, like Satan, "the adversary," which term, in laying down the foregoing principle of judgment, our Lord; it will be observed, prefers employing, an ancient, recognized, and orthodox name for the chief of the fallen angels, the author of evil and of death in the universe! Or is it a name borrowed from some petty neighboring system of idolatry, pythonic superstition, or demonology, with which parties among the Jews themselves, had, to some extent, become infected, and to which the attributes of Satan had thus become ultimately transferred by the more orthodox? We have strong ground for supposing the latter to be the case. In the first place, the very name "Lord of Flies" bears this superstitious impress, and, what is remarkable, corresponds exactly with the great devil-fly, *Daruj Nesosh* of the Magian system, who, in the *Vendidad Sade*, the most important among the sacred books of the Parsees, is described as tormenting man, and whom Hormuzd, the good principle, or deity, is represented as instructing the prophet Zertusht, or Zoroaster, to drive away, by a succession of ablutions, from one part of the body to another, and ultimately to expel from the toes to the regions of torment.

"When the pure water has reached the crown of his head, the *Daruj Nesosh* shall go to the back of the head; when the pure water shall go to the back of the head, this devil shall go to the front; when the pure water has reached the front, the devil shall go to the right ear; when the pure water has reached the right ear, the devil shall go to the left ear, and in this manner he shall be driven about till he reaches the toes, and then be driven out in the form of a fly."*

But, independently of this analogy in the name and character, we have only to turn to 2 Kings, chap. i., to be convinced of the true origin of this Beelzebub. We read there, in verses 2 and 3, that when Ahaziah fell down through a lattice in his upper chamber in Samaria, and was sick, he

* Lecture on the *Vendidad Sade*, by Dr. Wilson; vide also the preface to Richardson's Persian Dictionary; and the *Zend-Avesta*, as translated by Anquetil du Perron, for a full account of this exorcism of the Devil-fly.

sent messengers, and said unto them, "Go, inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, whether I shall recover of this disease;" and, thereupon, the prophet Elijah is sent to meet and reproach the messengers with these words:—"Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron?" From this it appears, that at Ekron there was an oracular or pythonic shrine, dedicated to this Baal-zebub, which, in the Hebrew, is essentially the same name as Beelzebub, and that even the Jews themselves occasionally sent to consult it. Now we have to observe, that at all the analogous pythonic shrines which exist in India, the oracular and the sanatory go hand in hand; and exorcism of persons supposed to be possessed is reduced to a system. And it is a very singular fact, for the correctness of which we can vouch from our own knowledge, that in the oracular and exorcist shrines of Kanoba, whom we take to be a perfect counterpart to the Ekronite Baal-zebub, as well as to the Egyptian Kanobos, the supposed *daimons*; i. e., the epileptic, hysteric, and nervous paroxysms, are frequently expelled by other parties, alleging themselves to be, for the time, possessed by, and to wield the power and authority of *Vetatu, the prince of Hindoo devils*. Is it not extremely probable, that something of the same kind was done at the exorcist seances of those vagabond Jewish *perierchomenoi* above alluded to, in forms and words borrowed from the rites of the Ekron deity, which probably live at this day in Hindostan? And if this be so, does not our Lord's answer to the Pharisees convey, not only a noble vindication of the divine character of his own cures, by the *moral* inconsistency involved in their accusation, but, also, a silent reproof of the superstitious notions current regarding Beelzebub, and the supposed expulsion of demons through such a demoniac power?

To complete this branch of the subject, on the terminology of the Gospel narratives, we may observe that the terms "wicked spirit" and "unclean spirit" are everywhere therein used, as convertible with *daimon*, invariably applied to cases of physical suffering and derangement, and never to those of moral evil; for wherever this last is clearly intended, if the words Satan or diabolos be not used, it is *ὁ πονηρός, the wicked one*, which is employed. The passage regarding the "unclean spirit," quoted above from Matt. xii. 43, is no exception to this remark, if the interpretation of Gilpin and Newcome be correct; and if it be understood to refer, in the popular language of the Jews, to the case of relapsed maniacs, as affording a striking exemplification of the moral condition of the Jews in their now relapsed and impenitent state. The very phrase *πνεύματα τα πονηρά*, which is rendered "wicked spirits" in this and similar passages, is in others translated "evil spirits," as, for example, in Acts xix. 12, 13, 15, 16; and the original word is undoubtedly equally applicable to physical, or to moral evil.

But we must further remark, as the sense of word *πνεύμα*, or "spirit," in these narratives of

the Gospel miracles, is very important, that the language of the Hindoos—that ancient people, who preserve, still fresh and unchanged amidst a modernized world, so much of the manners and ideas of the highest antiquity, and thus afford a living commentary on many points, that were otherwise obscure in Holy Writ, and other ancient records—throws a great additional light upon this particular subject. We noticed, in our former paper, the close connection in the mind, as well as in the speech of the Hindoo, between wind, spirit, and nerve, or nervous æther; a connection so intimate, that the same word, which at one time denotes the plastic element, at another signifies a living and moving intelligence; and, in a third application, expresses a diseased or excited condition of the nerves or the brain. This connection, which is so perceptible in the terms *wara* and *waren*, current in the vernacular dialect of the Mah-rattas, who, according to the opinion of Professor Orlebar, are the most legitimate representatives, both in language and sentiment, of the ancient Hindoos, is to be traced also in Sanscrit, the classic language of the Brahmins, of all ancient languages which still exist, perhaps the most ancient—certainly the most wonderful for its scientific structure, and its exquisite synthetic beauty. In this language, *WAYOO* is the radical and common term for the elemental wind, as in the following verse, taken from the Hindoo Law-giver Menu's account of the creation, (Menu, cap. i. v. 76:)—

Akashat too vikoorvanat survagundhuvuhuh; shoo-chê;
Bulvan jayute WAYOOH: su vui spurshugoono mutuh.

From ether then operating a change, the all-odor-bearing, pure,
And powerful WIND is born; and that is held endowed with the quality of touch.

This is an example of its most simple and primitive use; though, even here, the endowing wind with the quality of touch—i. e., making it the medium of touch, as light is of vision—shows the inseparable connection in the Hindoo intellect between the wind and the nervous system. But, in the following and many similar passages from the hymns in the Rig-Vedu, the most venerable probably of all existing writings, if we except, perhaps, the book of Job, containing the ritual of a worship instituted before idolatry, in the strict and grosser sense of that word, arose among mankind; and probably, not long after, or even before the separation of nations on the plains of Shinar, we have this same *WAYOO* endowed with life and worshipped—an invisible spirit, whose presence, heralded by Æolian murmurs, is wooed by the sacrificer to partake of the juice of the moon-plant:—

WAYUVA yahi darshunte-me soma urunkritaha,
Tesham pahi shroodhee huvum!

Come, oh *WAYOO*! [living wind]—these moon-

plants, diligently prepared, await thy presence :
drink thou thereof : hearken to our invitation !

WAYOO tuvu pruprinchutee dhena : jigati dashoo-
she ooroochee somu pituye.

Oh ! WAYOO [living wind], thy voice resoundeth
the praises : it advanceth to the house of the
sacrificer, to quaff the juice of the moon-plant !*

From this most ancient deification of the element into a moving power, the brush of whose wing was visible on the waving grass and the bending corn, which it swept in its passage ; and whose voice, wild and mournful, was heard rushing at intervals through the otherwise silent solitude, like some solemn sacrificial chant, or the swell of choral anthem from some far-off fane—but whose form was ever invisible—of whom no man could tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, we are prepared for seeing it gradually become, as the *πνευμα* of the Greeks, and the *spiritus* or *breathing* of the Latins, and the *on* of the Hebrews and Arabs, the figurative representative of, and eventually the very name for spirit itself, that wonderful and analogous agent, which speaketh forth from the invisible, and, itself unseen, produces such sensible effects upon the material universe. We are prepared, too, to find it ere long applied to those sudden appearances in, and utterances from, the human frame, which, foreign to its daily movements and its familiar voice, were deemed the result and the evidence of the presence of a spirit, different from that which made its habitual tabernacle in the tenement of clay. Accordingly, although the Sanscrit, in its copiousness, possesses another term for pure spirit, abstracted alike from all notion of individuality and of coporeal contact, and applied also to the human soul, as the manifestation of that universal spirit in a state of isolation and false individualization, like the air of the atmosphere isolated and quasi-individualized in an earthen vessel—namely, the word *atma*, or, in its crude form, *atman* [a term, by the way, which also signifies *wind*, and which seems closely related to the Greek *αἶμα*—breath, vapor, derived from a root which signifies to breathe] ; yet this term, except where, by a condescension to popular notions, used in its secondary sense of the human soul or self, seems more employed in reference to spirit regarded as a subject for metaphysical inquiry, or abstract contemplation—spirit self-subsisting, eternal, infinite, universal, and quiescent—than for a spirit in any way limited or individualized, or witnessed in active operation upon organized living beings. For, although the whole of the vital functions are alleged to be performed through a power derived from this universal *atma*, which exists pervadingly in every living being, and in which all living beings exist, as vessels of many shapes and sizes exist in the atmosphere which both fills and surrounds them ; though, to use the language of St. Paul, in it they live, and move, and have their being ; yet it is always represented as something,

though close and most intimately present, still ever aloof from us ; the witness of all things, itself unseen ; unmoved and immovable in our motions ; untouched, untarnished by our actions. In a word, it corresponds to the idea of a pure, all-comprehending intelligence, infinite, absolute, universal—transcending alike all bodily existence, all ideas of action and motion, and all true individuality ; a subject of speculation to the philosopher, of contemplation to the sage, of *experience* or *realization* to the *yogee*, or mystic, who, withdrawing himself from external things, and calling in his mind, by resolute effort, from the five windows of the senses, where it sits looking forth on the outer world, and gathering it up, and concentrating it in the innermost recess of his own being, there beholds this spiritual sun arise within and around him, plunges himself into its luminous depths, and thus becomes co-universal, co-luminous, and co-spiritual with it. Such, so universal, so devoid of personality, of action, and of motion, is the idea of spirit conveyed by the word *atma*. On the other hand, whenever spirit is contemplated, if we may so speak, less spiritually, and less universally ; as locally limited in shape or space ; as possessing, therefore, the attribute of motion ; as connected with the ideas of rushing, of filling, of agitating the human frame—then it is WAYOO, the personified element of wind, that, like the Greek *πνευμα*, is employed to convey this idea. Thus we find it used in the incantations addressed to evil spirits : we find it also employed in the very singular ceremony of *pranapratishtha*—i. e., the consecration, or, more literally, the *life infusion* into idols destined for worship ; the curious rituals of which might suggest profound reflections to thoughtful men, on some of the disputes which divide and embitter the Christian world. We find it used in a variety of connections to indicate a motive spirit in the human body—a nervous spirit it may be—different from the sublime, quiescent, eternal *atma* ; different also from the human mind or intellect ; maintaining, by a dynamic opposition with this mind, the balance of healthy, normal life, and in certain peculiar states—spiritual states shall we say, or nervous states?—obtaining an ascendancy and mastery over this regulating mind itself. We find it also, like *waren*, employed in reference to those convulsive tremblings and other manifestations, which are looked upon as the result of a spiritual possession. But, what is of most importance, and more immediately germane to our subject, this same word *wayoo* [wind or spirit] is employed in all standard or medical works, and even in the popular language of the present day, to denote all forms of disease depending upon disarrangement of, or injury to, the nervous and cerebral systems. Thus, *hemiplegy* is termed *pukshu-wayoo*—i. e., the *half-wind* or *half-spirit* ; palsy is called *kumpu-wayoo*, the *trembling wind* or *trembling spirit* ; *dnyanu-wayoo*, the *knowledge-wind* or *knowledge-spirit*, denotes that kind of delirium which makes the patient chatter volubly on learned or abstruse matters ; and *dhu-*

* Sunhita of the Rig-Vedu, hyma ii., verses 1 and 3.

moor-wayoo, the *bow-wind* or *bow-spirit*, designates that affection of the nerves or the spine, which bends the patient double like a bow, which literally *bows* him down; the very "spirit of infirmity" which "*bowed together*" the woman whom our Lord loosed from this bondage of Satan on the sabbath-day, (Luke xiii. 11.) These several *wayoos*, winds, or spirits, are, we see, named from their effects on the human frame and functions: they are, in a word, diseases personified, and designated from their peculiar symptoms and results.

Have we not here the very key to the employment of the correlative Greek *πνεύματα* in a precisely similar manner in the Gospels, in accordance with the popular language of the day; the popular ideas of the Jews following, apparently, the same train of thought, the same mystic or personifying process as those of the Hindoos? We discern the correspondence clearly in the case of the woman who had the spirit of infirmity—the *dhu-noor-wayoo*, the "*bow-spirit*," or *bow-wind*, which bent her together like a bow. We also see that the affection which made the patient deaf and dumb, is termed a deaf and dumb spirit, (Mark ix. 25;) that which made him blind and dumb, is named a blind and dumb spirit, (Matt. xii. 22.) Is not "unclean spirit," then, a popular term, originating in the same figurative and personifying process, to designate a form of madness which led the sufferer to exhibit acts and habits of self-neglect, uncleanness, and *abandoning of clothes*; such as all persons to whom the *datura stramonium*, or thorn-apple, is administered, as it constantly is in India for the purpose of inducing stupefaction, and thereby facilitating robbery, invariably exhibit while under its influence? * Of the *daimoniac* in the country of the Gadarenes, who is called, in Mark v. 2, "a man with an *unclean spirit*," Luke says, (viii. 27,) "There met him out of the city a certain man who had *devils* (*daimonia*) long time, and wore no clothes." And on his cure he is described (Luke viii. 35) as "*sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind*"—and in Mark v. 15, as "*sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind*." And very remarkable is what we read of Saul, of whom it is said, 1 Sam. xix. 9, 10:—"The *evil spirit from the Lord* was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and Saul sought to smite David, even to the wall, with his javelin"—an evident description of madness—and of whom it is further related, that, after having sent two sets of messengers to take David, who were seized with a contagious spirit of prophecy, "when they saw the company of the prophets prophesying," (1 Sam. xix. 20)—he himself went to Naioth in Ramah, where Samuel and

the prophets were—"And the Spirit of God was upon him also, and he went on, and *prophesied*, until he came to Naioth in Ramah." And now let us remark what he does in his prophetic fury—"And he *stripped off his clothes* also, and *prophesied* before Samuel in like manner, and *lay down naked* all that day and all that night."—1 Sam. xix. 23, 24.

In the Old Testament we find the same act attributed, under different points of view, to God, and to Satan. Thus we read, in 2 Sam. xxiv. 1—"And again the anger of THE LORD was kindled against Israel, and HE moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Juda." While, in 1 Chron. xxi. 1, on the contrary, we read of the very same fact—"And SATAN stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." Are we not justified, then, upon the same principle of interpretation, to which we must have recourse, in order to harmonize these and similar passages, in concluding, that the very same state which is described in the first passage of Samuel, by the phrase, "The evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul," is meant also in the last passage by the words—"And the spirit of God was upon him:" and that the prophesying here attributed to him was a delirious raving—like the *dnyanu-wayoo*, or delirious *knowledge-spirit* of the Hindoo physicians—since in the latter instance, as in the former, his actions were those of one deranged?

And is not the phrase "wicked spirit" applied, on similar principles, to the more violent, and apparently more malevolent forms of madness? A spirit, from its very nature, could not possibly be *blind*—it is called blind, or deaf, or dumb, because the human body which it affects becomes so. On the same grounds we may safely conclude these *πνεύματα*, or spirits, whether we consider them as winds attacking the nerves and brain—as nervous spirits—or as nervous and cerebral affections—are in the other cases called "unclean," and "wicked," not because they (whatever they may be) are themselves of a nature morally impure or malignant, but because the human patients, in whom they appear, exhibit these characters in their outward actions, while under their influence.

We believe the foregoing offers a true explanation of the language of the gospels regarding these affections. This figurative language may be the result of popular superstition alone. It may, on the other hand, have originated accidentally, as it were, from those notions on physiology which connected the nerves with the element of wind, and therefore, through the medium of language, with the idea of spirit. The use of the same terms to denote physical conditions, which were applied to spiritual powers, may have first engendered the idea of the influence of the latter on the former, and led to those personifications of disease; and thus language will have first helped to create superstition, which it certainly has tended to confirm and keep alive. But it seems to us more

* From a case of poisoning by camphor, detailed in the *Medical Times* of 1st April last, p. 451, it would seem that this drug produces similar effects. It is there stated of the patient, who had swallowed two drachms of camphor, that "after some gambols he went into his own room, whence he came out very soon, *stripped entirely naked*, dancing, and seeking to leap out of a window." Had the immediate cause been unknown, would not the Jews have deemed this man possessed of an unclean spirit?

probable that the connection between the nerves, the wind, and spirit was not wholly accidental—that these notions did not arise out of the fortuitous employment of a common term for three different objects of thought; but that this community of name was itself the result, and a true representative of the ideas and belief, in times when the spiritual, the medical, and the natural, were intimately connected; when, according to Le Croix, in his "Paganism," the first germs of civilization were sown simultaneously in many countries, by bands of priest-physicians, the Rosicrucians, and Paracelsi, and mesmerizers of remote antiquity; who, worshippers and searchers of nature, employed their knowledge in healing and instructing mankind, with all the prestige of a thaumaturgic power.

At such a period, both to the priest, who himself worshipped and searched out her secrets, and to the rude tribes whom he healed and whom he taught, all nature was alive. A living spirit, of evil or of good, was imprisoned in every metal, in every chemical compound, and in every drug. To them the wind was not merely a representative of, but was actually, as in the Veda, a living spirit; and every blast, and gust, and vapor, and exhalation—nay, every fever and fit of sickness, was a spiritual power, a living wind, a spirit, entering into the nervous tubes and cerebral cells of man's system, and oppressing his own vital spirit tabernacled there. As a consequence of such a belief, the whole practice of medicine by these priest-physicians was a species of religious exorcism; and the remnants of such a system existed in Syria at the time of our Lord, as it exists at this day all over the East, and even in some of the popular superstitions still prevalent in Europe.

In whichever way this figurative language arose, however, it may still be concurrent with, and a true representative of certain facts in the spiritual world. For although we would show that there is an adequate explanation for this language, without admitting, as a necessary consequence, from its use, the reality of these supposed possessions in their literal sense, we are by no means desirous of excluding their possibility, or of drawing, at present, any conclusion on this point one way or the other. And we most fully admit that they, in common with all the sufferings of man, and all the groaning and travelling of creation, must, in some true sense, and through some form of mediation, whether instant or remote, be the effects of that dominion, which the author of evil, through the fall of man from his first righteousness, and from the lordship over all God's works, which was his original heritage, has been permitted to obtain in the realms of nature. Our Lord, indeed, though he carefully warns us against judging every natural misfortune to flow immediately and necessarily, and in an exact retributive proportion, from the personal sin of the sufferer or his parents; as in the case of the man born blind—John ix. 3—of those Galileans whose

blood Herod mingled with their sacrifices, and of those on whom the tower of Siloam fell—Luke xiii. 2—4; yet, in more than one passage, seems to indicate, as before observed, that all disease is, in some measure, the work of Satan; and that sin brings man more under the temporal and scourging power of this enemy of our race. Thus, on the one hand, he alleges the spirit of infirmity which bent the woman down, to be a bondage of Satan; on the other, he says to the paralytic whom he heals at the well, "Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee"—John v. 14—thus apparently implying that a connection does exist betwixt the commission of sin and the subjection to physical evil. And this same idea seems to be in the mind of St. Paul, when he says, "To deliver such an one to Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."—1 Cor. v. 5. And again, speaking of Hymeneus and Alexander, "whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme."—1 Tim. i. 20.

So far for our Lord's language in the gospels. Let us now consider the phraseology of the other portions of the New Testament. For, although the modes of expression used by the disciples cannot affect the argument drawn from the distinction observable in our Lord's own language, they still merit an examination. Now, although we find in the Epistles the terms *daimones* and *daimonia*, the respective plurals of *daimon* and *daimonion*, in the phrases which have been translated "sacrifice to devils," "fellowship with devils," "the cup of devils," "the table of devils," (1 Cor. x. 20, 21)—"doctrines of devils," (1 Tim. iv. 1)—"the devils believe and tremble," (James ii. 19;) and in the Revelations, in the passages rendered "worship devils," (Rev. ix. 20,) and "spirits of devils," (Rev. xvi. 14)—yet even in these portions of the New Testament, it is to be remarked that, whenever *the devil*—i. e., the wicked spirit who tempts mankind—is spoken of, it is still *diabolos*, or Satan, or the dragon, or the serpent, or the wicked one, that is invariably used; never the *daimon*, or *daimonion*. Thus, for example, we read in Acts xiii. 10, "Thou child of the devil [*diabolos*] and enemy of all righteousness;" in Eph. iv. 27, "neither give place to the devil," [*diabolos*]; in Eph. vi. 11, "that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil," [*diabolos*]; in 1 Tim. iii. 6, "the condemnation of the devil," [*diabolos*]; in 1 Tim. iii. 7, "the snare of the devil," [*diabolos*]; in 2 Tim. ii. 26, "the snare of the devil," [*diabolos*]; in James iv. 7, "resist the devil," [*diabolos*]; in 1 Pet. v. 8, "your adversary the devil," [*diabolos*]; in 1 John iii. 8, "he that committeth sin is of the devil," [*diabolos*]; for the devil [*diabolos*] sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil," [*diabolos*]. In 1 John iii. 10, "in this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil," [*diabolos*]; in 1 John ii. 13,

"because ye have overcome the *wicked one*;" in Jude 9, "Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil," [*diabolos*]; in Rev. xii. 12, "wo to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the devil [*diabolos*] is come down unto you, having great wrath;" in Rev. xx. 2, "he laid hold on the *dragon*, and bound him a thousand years;" in Rev. xx. 10, "and the devil [*diabolos*] that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone;" and so in many other passages which it were needless to quote, there being *not one* where the word *daimon*, or *daimonion*, is applied to the devil. And, in regard to the above phrases, in which these words have been rendered in the plural by "*devils*," upon examination of the original Greek passages where they occur, and a careful consideration of the context, we shall find that they constitute no real exception to the position which we advance; and that they were written in a sense very different from that which attaches to *diabolos*, and to our English word *devil*. Those among our readers who are conversant with the biblical commentators, must be aware that the phrase which has been rendered, from 1 Tim. iv. 1, "doctrines of devils," in the original "doctrines of *daimonia*," has been very generally understood to mean, not doctrines invented by the enemy of the human race—he who is called Satan and *diabolos*—or by wicked spirits, his ministers; but doctrines inculcating the mediation and worship of *daimons*, beings higher than man, but inferior to God, that very "worshipping of angels" denounced in Col. ii. 18—though under a different form; the latter applying, apparently, more especially to the Gnostic doctrine and worship of the Eons or inferior emanations of deity;* the former, as understood by most Protestants, referring to the *dulia* offered to and the *mediation* sought from the angelic hierarchy, and canonized saints, in the Greek and Roman churches; the prophecy itself

*The second chapter of Colossians is evidently addressed against two forms of error—the bondage of the Jewish ceremonial law, and the vain deceit of human philosophy; and that the peculiar philosophy intended was the Gnostic, seems evident from the studied use of Gnostic terms; for example, "the *PLEROMA*," or "*FULNESS*" of Godhead, in v. 9. The allusions to circumcision, the Sabbath, &c., (v. 11 and 16,) are plainly directed against Judaizing Christians. The ordinances mentioned in v. 21, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," would apply, perhaps, equally to the Levitical prohibitions, and to the Gnostic denunciations of marriage and of animal food. The passage regarding the worshipping or religion of angels (*angelolatry* is the phrase used) has received various interpretations. St. Jerome considers it directed against the whole Jewish religion, which, according to Acts vii. 53, and Gal. iii. 19, was given by angels. Others apply it to the worship which many of the pagan philosophers paid "to angels or *daimons*" by sacrificing to them, as carriers of intelligence between God and man." But from the use of the word *angel* here, instead of *daimon*, as well as from the Gnostic phraseology of parts of the chapter, we have adopted, as the best interpretation, that which applies it more especially to the divine emanations, secondary divinities, or angels of the Gnostics, and other early heretics, who mixed ideas borrowed from Plato, from Zoroaster, and even from India, with the teachings of the Rabbis and the doctrines of the Redeemer; and endeavored to render them acceptable to the church, by clothing them in a Hebrew or Christian phraseology.

connecting with these "doctrines of *daimons*" two other characteristics, the "forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats," and—what seems to overthrow the application usually made by Roman commentators of this passage also, to the Manicheans, Marcionites, and other Gnostic sects—expressly fixing the period of this departure from the faith to "the latter times."

The passage in 1 Cor. x. 20, 21, where St. Paul speaks of the sacrifices to, the fellowship with, the cup and the table of *daimons*, (for *daimonia* is the word used in these passages,) are not only capable of a similar interpretation, but the analogy of the apostle's arguments, and the harmony of his sentiments, demand it. For, although the notion that the sacrifices offered by the heathens, were really offered to and received by actual devils, *i. e.*, by wicked angels, ministers of Satan, and true *diaboloi*, would fall in most with the popular ideas which prevailed in the patristic church; and which were salutary, and, one might almost say, providential, inasmuch as they greatly contributed to the extinction of the Pagan idolatry throughout Europe—that wonderful fact in the history of the world, which even Gibbon pauses for a moment to contemplate, as meriting the attention of the philosopher; yet, if we weigh well the various passages of St. Paul, and endeavor to raise ourselves to the height of his great argument, we think it must be acknowledged that his ideas were of a different, and of a far more lofty character, as, indeed, they ever are, when brought into comparison with those which predominate in the writings of the fathers. In Colossians ii. 18, 19, he warns the members of the church against that "voluntary humility," which, instead of leading them to "hold the Head," should beguile them into a "worshipping of angels." In the table and cup of the Lord, they held and were united to that Head, and through him to God the Father—"I in them and thou in me."—John. xvii. 23.) Why, then, worship or seek union with these Eons or secondary emanations of divinity, which the Gnostics, "intruding into the things which they had not seen," proclaimed as the chain of celestial intelligences descending from the Deity to man, and forming the ladder by which, on the other hand, man must reascend up to the Deity; and which Eons, from their professed analogy to, and identity with the Jewish SEPHIROTH, or angelic emanations, the apostle, with great propriety, calls angels? And as it was in regard of these Sephiroth, Eons, or angelic powers of the half-judaizing half-philosophizing Gnostics, so was it in respect of the *daimons*, not *devils*, but *secondary divinities*, and subordinate *ministering powers* of the supreme God, worshipped by the Gentiles. For according to the belief of the polite and educated Gentiles, with which St. Paul, it is manifest, was well acquainted, their whole pantheon consisted of these *daimoniak* or secondary numina, operating intermediately between man and the inaccessible God; and their sacrifices and divinations reached no higher than the former. This is evident from

the following passage from Plato, *Sympos* I. e.—“Through this (the daimon agency) doth the whole of the divining art hold its course; and the skill of the priests, and of those engaged about the sacrifices, and initiations, and incantations, and the whole of divination and sorcery. But God doth not mingle with man”—and the whole Platonic system presents the same view of those gods whom man worships, that they are merely *daimons*, genii, or angels.

Thus, also, we read in Leslie's “*Case Stated*,” section 32:—

The word *gods* is frequently given in Scripture to angels; and to men, as ministers of God; and thus the heathens understood it, and supposed their gods to be such ministers; as Æolus to govern the winds, Neptune the sea, &c. Therefore they called them *Dii Medioximi*, inferior gods, as standing in the middle between the Supreme God and us, to succor or punish us according to his orders.

And St. Augustine, whom Leslie quotes, represents the heathens as thus declaring, in their own defence, on this point:—

Non colimus mala dæmonia; angelos quos dicimus, ipsos et nos colimus, virtutes Dei Magni et mysteria Dei Magni.

We do not worship EVIL DEMONS or spirits, but we worship those whom you (Christians) call ANGELS, the POWERS of the Great God, and the MYSTERIES of the Great God.

And this is precisely the sense in which St. Paul everywhere employs the word *daimons*, viz., as supposed inferior numina or ministering powers, standing in the middle betwixt the Supreme God and man. Nowhere does the apostle, as St. Augustine and the fathers did, assert that these *daimons* were devils, or evil spirits. He condemns, indeed, everywhere the worship of any but the one God; and the acknowledgment of, or fellowship with, any other intermediate protecting or interceding power, standing in the middle betwixt the Supreme God and man, than the one mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ. He condemns, therefore, as alike opposed to this single worship, and this one mediation, the two kindred forms of error, that of the Gnostics worshipping and depending on the mediation of angels, and that of the heathens worshipping and depending on the mediation of *daimons*, or *Dii medioximi*. The error was in essence the same. For what, in reality, were the dæmonic powers worshipped by the Gentiles—what were these *Dii medioximi*, these powers and mysteries of the Great God, but another name for the divine emanations of the Gnostics? And as St. Paul, on account of the latter claiming to be identical with the angelic Sephiroth of the Jews, condemns them under the Jewish phraseology of angels; so, in condemning the Gentile error, he employs that term which the Gentiles themselves used to denote an inferior divinity or angelic power, namely, the term *daimon*; and he employs it, beyond all question, in a Gentile sense.

Let us examine carefully the apostle's language

regarding the eating and drinking of things offered to idols:—“We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many;) but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. *Howbeit, there is not in every man that knowledge, for some, with conscience of the idol unto this hour, eat it as a thing offered unto an idol, and their conscience being weak, is defiled.*”—1 Cor. viii. 4—7.

Now what, we would here ask, is meant by the conscience being weak, or by eating with conscience of the idol? This scrupulosity, which proceeded from deficiency of knowledge, could not refer to any deliberate and voluntary worship, either of the material idol, or of the power supposed to be tabernacled in, or represented by it; for these had been manifest sins against the first and second commandments, which no amount of knowledge could render less sinful—sins, too, unlikely to have been committed by these converts, who are represented not as wicked, but only as unenlightened, and, in consequence, scrupulous. This weakness of conscience, therefore, this eating with conscience of the idol unto this hour, must refer to those converts who, still imagining the idol to be really and truly something in the world, felt it wrong to eat of the meat and drink of the cup offered to it, lest this act, which was held of a sacramental character, might involve some constructive worship, some religious connection, some spiritual fellowship, with that inferior numen, whom they still supposed to be a true existence, either inherent in, or represented by, the material idol. And such a scruple nothing but the knowledge to which St. Paul alludes, of the utter nothingness of an idol in the world—of there being but one God, and but one Lord and Mediator between God and man—and that, consequently, all other gods, and lords, and mediating numina, were absolutely nonentities in the universe to him who held these two fast—could suffice to remove. Although, therefore, “meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse;” although the mere eating, to those who had knowledge, was no sin in itself, and on their own account, St. Paul adds, “Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak. For, if any man see thee, which hast knowledge, sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols; and through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for, whom Christ died,” (v. 9, 11.) But how perish, if there be intrinsically no sin in the action? By violating, or, as it is said in the above quotation, *defiling* his own weak conscience; by doing that which he fears is wrong, which he is not firmly persuaded is lawful, according to that imperishable canon of the

conscience, contained in the concluding words of the subjoined extract—words so often misunderstood, so often quoted isolated from their context, and applied in a doctrinal sense to an intellectual belief; but which, read with that context, contain the sum and essence of a conscientious morality, and clearly mean, that whatever we do with the least doubt or scruple, without a full persuasion of its being right, is thereby alone sin to us—because, however intrinsically innocent, we thereby violate our conscience, and go on to do, when the internal monitor, devoid of knowledge, but faithful, commands us to refrain.

“Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, (Rom. xiv. 5;) there is nothing unclean of itself; but, to him that esteemeth anything unclean, to him it is unclean, (v. 14)—he that doubteth is damned, [condemned,] if he eat, because he eateth not of faith, [not fully persuaded in his own mind of its being lawful:] for, *whatsoever is not of faith, is sin,*” (v. 23.)

Thus, therefore, in the foregoing passage from 1 Cor. viii., St. Paul, maintaining the absolute nothingness of idols in the world—which he could hardly have done, were they the real tabernacles of evil spirits—yet counsels the enlightened brethren to abstain from eating meats offered to them, out of tenderness to the weak consciences of the unenlightened. But, in chap. x. of the same epistle he returns to the subject, and advances another argument, grounded upon the effect such otherwise innocent participation would have, and the infidelity it would apparently imply to their own Lord, in a sphere where the Gentile ideas regarding the power, ministration, and mediation of *daimons*, or a multitude of intermediate secondary deities, prevailed. It is true, argues the apostle, that the material idol itself is nothing in the world; and that which is offered in sacrifice to idols is nothing. But, though this be so, what are the ideas connected with these things? What is the belief and intention of the Gentiles in sacrificing? The things which they sacrifice they sacrifice not to God—not to that one only supreme God, the Father whom we worship; but to *daimons*; to a multitude of inferior numina—of those *that are called gods, whether in heaven, or in earth*, (viii. 5)—to the powers and mysteries of the great God—to *Dii Medioximi* or inferior ministering and mediating powers—standing in the middle, betwixt the Supreme God and man. The worship of such mediate ministering powers, or inferior gods, whether called, as by the Manichean, and other Gnostic sects, who adopted a Persian and Jewish phraseology, *angels*; or, as by the Greek Gentiles, *daimons*—the apostle everywhere condemns, pronouncing it an intruding into those things which we have not seen, and an abandoning of the Head. Everywhere he preaches the ONE GOD, and the ONE MEDIATOR between God and man, to the exclusion of all other. And, as the partaking of the meats, and the cup, offered to these idols, would have symbolized, both to the Christian devoid of knowledge, and weak in conscience, and

who eat with conscience of the idol unto this hour; and to the Gentiles who performed and assisted at the sacrifice, and witnessed the subsequent participation on the part of the Christians—an acknowledgment of, and a sacrificial fellowship with these *daimons*, or secondary mediating gods, would have been inconsistent, therefore, and incompatible with that fellowship which they had with their own Lord, by the broken bread, which was the partaking of his body—and the cup of blessing, which was the communion of his blood; would have been, in the face of the Gentile world, a treason against, and a renunciation of Christ's sole mediatorship, and a pernicious sanction to the Gentile belief in, and dependence on, this multitude of inferior mediating divinities; the apostle would not have them hold, even in appearance, a fellowship with these; and would wish them to refrain from participations, the intention and ideas attached to which, by the Gentiles, were a contradiction of, and wholly incompatible with those symbolized in their own holy sacrament. “What say I, then? that the idol is anything? or that which is offered in sacrifice to idols is anything? But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to *DAIMONS*, and not to God—and I would not that ye should have fellowship with *DAIMONS*. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of *DAIMONS*. Ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of *DAIMONS*. Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy?”—1 Cor. x. 19, 22. Now, jealousy would not be the term for the sentiment which their conduct would justly excite, if these participations constituted a worship of, and sacramental fellowship with, infernal spirits. Such a crime were the most deliberate apostasy and worship of Satan. But the—even apparent and constructive—acknowledgment of and holding fellowship with any but the One Mediator, through whom they had fellowship with the One God the Father; this infidelity—before the eyes of the Gentile world—to their own Lord, is appropriately described as provocative of jealousy in Him who loved them, and washed them in his blood, and would have their undivided love in return. “All things,” adds the apostle, immediately after the above passage, “are lawful for me, but all things are *not expedient*.” And why? Because “all things *edify not*. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth,” (welfare,) v. 23, 24. Thus, it is clear that the prohibitive counsel is given, not on account of anything *intrinsic*—any real fellowship with *daimons*—in the act itself; but on account of its effect upon the mind and belief of others. “Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no questions for conscience sake”—but, “If any of them that believe not (*i. e.*, any of the Gentiles) bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go; whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no questions for conscience sake. But if any man say unto you, this is offered in sacrifice unto idols, eat not, *for his sake that showed it*, and for conscience sake;—conscience, I say, *not thine own, but of the other*; for why is my liberty

judged of another man's conscience! For, if I by grace be a partaker, why am I evil-spoken of for that for which I give thanks?" 1 Cor. x. 27, 30.

From the whole of the above, it is apparent that there was no *intrinsic* evil in eating meats offered to idols. The evil arose, first, when those who had not this knowledge—viz., that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is but one God, and one Lord, and Mediator—eating with conscience of the idol, defiled their weak conscience. Secondly, when those who had knowledge, by eating those meats in the idol's temple, or elsewhere, in presence of the weak, emboldened the latter, by their example, to sin against their own secret scruples and convictions. Thirdly, when those more enlightened Christians, by participating in meats offered to idols, in presence of the Gentiles, whether in the idol's temple, or in the house of the heathen entertainer, after some one had said, "This is sacrificed to idols"—(for, this may be either the warning of a scrupulous Christian, or a declaration and invitation to the sacrificial participation, on the part of the Gentile host)—when they, by such sacramental participation, in presence of the Gentiles, lent the apparent sanction of their example to the belief in, and worship of, and dependence on, and fellowship with, a multitude of *daimons*, i. e., of *subordinate gods and mediators*, instead of signifying, by their refusal, and refraining from participations connected—by religious associations and rites—with such ideas, their belief in, and worship of the one sole God—and their dependence on, and fellowship with, the one sole Mediator between God and man. For, had their offerings been really made to, and really received by wicked spirits—*diaboloi*—truly existing in or about the idols, as the patristic church believed—and had a participation in them, as in that case it must have done—constituted a real sacramental fellowship with such *diaboloi*, could the apostle's eating have been thus harmless? Could he by grace have been a partaker, and have given thanks? Undoubtedly not.

On the other hand, how accordant is our interpretation with the language of St. Paul on another occasion, when he addressed the Athenians from the Hill of Mars, as related in Acts xvii. We are there told that "his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," (v. 16;) and thus he addressed its inhabitants, (v. 22)—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too *superstitious*." In the original, *deisi-daimon-esterous*, [*δεισιδαιμονεστερους*], a word which signifies literally "overgiven to fear or reverence *daimons*"—i. e. (according to the belief of the Athenians, to whom this language is addressed) mediate celestial powers, superior to, and exercising providence over man, but inferior to the supreme and highest God; for such the multitude of deities worshipped by the heathens, whose shrines rose on every side of the speaker and his auditory, confessedly were, according to their own account. And thus Leslie says, upon this very

passage:—"They (the Athenians) had blended the worship of God with these *inferior gods or demons*, which was their superstition, for so the word signifies—*δεισιδαιμονια*—the fear of these demons." And again—"They owned these to be lesser gods, and only the *virtues and powers* of the Great God." To proceed, however, with the apostle's address:—"For, as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription—TO THE UNKNOWN GOD," (v. 23.) This is the proof St. Paul adduces. So addicted were they to fear and propitiate by their worship a multitude of these *daimons* or celestial protectors, that, lest perhaps they had missed, and should incur the anger of any, they had erected and dedicated this altar to the unknown God. Now, it is self-evident that St. Paul here attaches to the idea of *daimon*, which is embodied in the word he makes use of, not the sense of a wicked, infernal spirit, but the favorable sense of the Athenians themselves—viz., a subordinate celestial power—an angelic protector and mediator—using the word angelic to denote the nature intermediate between God and man. And what is the remedy he proposes, to cure them of this servile fear and propitiation of subordinate *daimonic* powers—this "voluntary humility" and "worshipping of angels?" Precisely that which he holds forth in all his writings. Taking advantage of the inscription TO THE UNKNOWN GOD, he makes this happy transition—"Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him I declare unto you—God that made the world," &c. And then he leads them gradually, and with consummate skill, to that "day when he will judge the world in righteousness, BY THAT MAN WHOM HE HATH ORDAINED, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead," (v. 31.) Thus, whether he warn against Gnostic errors, or caution against wounding weak brethren's consciences, and countenancing the Gentiles in their false belief and worship, by an inexpedient participation in the meats sacrificed by the latter, as they themselves supposed and intended, to a multitude of *daimons*, or secondary celestial powers, or preach to the *daimon*-fearing Athenians, or refer to the revival of this *daimon*-worship in the latter times, one idea is ever uppermost in his mind, one theme upon his tongue—the one true God, and the one Mediator between God and man; the renunciation of that voluntary humility or self-abasement, which deemed itself unworthy of access to the Most High; of all worshipping of angels; of all reverence of and fellowship with *daimons*, or secondary celestial mediators; or with any divine powers short of the very highest. He would raise man above all this, and place him on that elevated position in the celestial hierarchy, which Christ had purchased for him by his death. He would have him hold the Head, admit of no spiritual fellowship but that of his own Lord; and, having this great High Priest, he would have him go boldly unto the throne of grace, and prepare himself to judge angels, rather than worship them. In all these views, as pro-

pounded and enforced, in different forms of speech, upon three or four different classes of men, there is a wonderful elevation and harmony, which, if not utterly destroyed, is at least very much lowered, by the popular sense of *devil* given to the term *daimon*, as used in the passages we have been discussing.

Now, as St. Paul uses the term *daimon* in this Gentile or Pagan sense, in special connection with the idol-worship of the old Pagan world which prevailed in his own time, and, in 1 Tim. iv. 1, in reference to the revived Pagan notions of subordinate mediators, foretold by the Spirit for the apostasy of the latter times; so the author of the Revelations applies it in precisely a similar sense, in connection with the idol-worship of this corrupt and Paganized Christianity. In this sense only can we, consistently with the truth of prophecy, and the facts of ecclesiastical history, understand the word *daimonia*, as used in Rev. ix. 20—"And the rest of the men—yet repented not of the work of their hands, that they should worship *devils*, [*daimons*,] and idols of gold and silver," &c. For this passage occurs in the description of events which follow the sounding of the sixth angel's trumpet, and refers, according to the opinion of all commentators, to the judgments inflicted upon the corrupted nations of Christendom, more especially, perhaps, the Eastern churches, by the invasions of the Arabian, Turkish, and Tartar hordes, symbolized, in the prophecy, by the loosing of "the four angels, which are bound in the great river Euphrates, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men." Now, none of the Christians of the Eastern, the African, or the Spanish churches, upon whom this judgment principally fell, or indeed of any Christian church whatever, since the first preaching of the gospel, have ever been guilty of worshipping devils or infernal spirits. But a very large portion of Christendom, both east and west, fell into the worship of *daimons* or intermediate beings—namely, of angels, and deified or canonized men and women, and conjoined with this the use and worship, or veneration, of images, or idols of gold and silver, &c. This, therefore, must be the sin here imputed to them, since the other never existed. Here, therefore, also, as in 1 Tim. iv. 1, and 1 Cor. x. 20, 21, *daimon* means something very different from *devil* in our sense, and had better have been rendered by *dæmon*, or some other word which would have marked its distinction from *diabolos*.

As for the "three unclean spirits like frogs," that are called "the spirits of *daimons*" in Rev. xvi. 13, 14, they must denote wicked doctrines or principles, and not individuals; for how could one personal spirit come out of the mouth of another? Commentators are, we believe, agreed upon this point, that the going forth of these three spirits "out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet," symbolizes the simultaneous rise and spread of three different forms of evil principle

over the earth. This interpretation we shall vindicate upon grounds not before brought forward, which will place the passage in a new, and, we trust, a fuller light.

If it should be asked why they are designated "unclean spirits"—*πνεύματα*, like frogs—the spirits of *daimons*, working miracles, we would point to the part which they enact on the prophetic scroll. They "go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." Now if, as we have shown, or, as we hope to show before we conclude this paper, the term *daimon*, everywhere in the New Testament, except in the mouth of the Apostle of the Gentiles, by whom it is used in a Gentile or Pagan sense, and in that passage of Revelations, which, referring to a Pagan condition of apostate Christendom, to a worship of *daimonic* mediators, and of idols or images, employs the term in the same Pagan sense and connection—if everywhere else it indicates the phenomena of some species of lunacy, madness, epilepsy, or other disease, manifested by convulsive action and mental derangement (as we, from association, to this day, say "he is possessed," to express extravagant and unaccountable conduct)—if the phrase "unclean spirit," constantly used as synonymous with *daimon*, is, as we have seen above, but another name—among the Jews as among the Hindoos—for affections either of a lunatic, an epileptic, or an hysteric type, from the abandonment of clothes, and other acts and habits of an uncleanly and repulsive character, which persons thus affected commonly exhibit; and if the prophet mean to designate the sudden rise, and contagious, and, as it were, convulsory, propagation of wild principles and doctrines, whether of political phrenzy, or social madness, or spiritual delusion, circulating from city to city, from throne to throne, with electric speed and galvanic action, literally convulsing the world, producing in a few days the revolutions and changes which centuries of systematic effort in man's regular progress were necessary to accomplish, and boding the catastrophe of universal war and confusion upon earth, may we not recognize a most just and appropriate picture, of such a startling phase in the world's history, in the striking words which he employs, without supposing that any personal fallen angel is at all designated? And, further, have we not, apparently, some reason to fear, from the signs in the heaven and upon the earth, that the exodus of these three—spirits of *daimons*—these three contagious and convulsing phrenzies—has already commenced in these our days?

It is a curious point, that nowhere in the New Testament, nowhere, indeed, in the whole Bible, is there indicated any connection or resemblance between Satan, the *diabolos*, or proper devil—who is called "the wicked one," "the dragon," and "the serpent"—and these *daimons*, such as would lead us to conclude them personal wicked spirits, similar to him in his moral nature, and obedient to his will; or to infer any relation whatever to

exist between them, other than that by which they, in common with death, and sickness, and infirmity, and all other human misery, and even serpents and scorpions, and the unwilling subjection of the creature to vanity and the bondage of corruption, and the groaning and travailing of the whole creation, are represented as a result and a portion of his permitted power upon earth. Never are they termed his ministers. Whenever the fallen spirits who obey the behests of Satan are alluded to, they are called "his angels." Thus, in Matt. xxv. 41, we read, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil [*diabolos*] and his angels." So, also, in Rev. xii. 7, "And the dragon fought, and his angels;" and v. 9, "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the devil [*diabolos*] and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels [not *daimons*] were cast out with him."

But there is one other important passage that must not be passed over, and which, being apparently the strongest, we have reserved to the last. St. James says—Epistle ii. 19—"The devils [*daimons*] also believe, and tremble." This, it cannot be denied, seems, at first sight, very much opposed to the views we have been proposing; and yet, it is but a seeming opposition, which, upon consideration, entirely disappears, or rather is changed into a confirmation. For is not the apostle here alluding to the very belief and confessions made by the *daimoniacs* and pythonic spirits, both to our Lord and to St. Paul, as formerly noticed, and doubtless to the other apostles also, when sent forth to heal the sick and cast out *daimons*? And does not the *trembling*, spoken of by St. James, refer to that convulsive tremor and shuddering which was the unfailing indication and accompaniment of a paroxysm of the *daimoniac* disorder, which, it will be found, is the characteristic symptom of the approach of the afflatus to the Hindoo pythonics of the present day, and which is the common symptom attending the accession of epileptic, hysteric, and similar convulsive seizures? The history of the convulsionaries, and of the first quakers, [*tremblers*], shows the invariable connection that exists between convulsive action of the body, and spiritual exaltation of whatever kind, whether hysteric, enthusiastic, or what the Jews considered *daimoniac*. After having witnessed the phenomena of Hindoo possession, and looking to the sense in which these words *daimon* and *daimoniac* are so invariably employed in the gospels, we believe the foregoing to be the true sense—or, at least, a very probable explanation—of the passage. And should this interpretation appear strange, as, doubtless, from its novelty it may, we would pray those who doubt its correctness to look into the church history of the first ages, to mark the importance attached—as in the case of SS. Gervasius and Protatius before alluded to—to the trembling, and convulsions, and horrified cries of the *daimoniacs* at the sight, or touch, or approach of relics, for the testing of which they were re-

strained as a sort of spiritual alembic—to note the degree of conclusive proof which this shuddering testimony was supposed to afford; and then to say, is not this the terrified credence, the believing and trembling of the *daimons*, to which St. James refers? Was the apostle alluding to what passes in the world of spirits among the fallen angels, of which our Lord himself never vouchsafes a hint, and to which, were they even revealed to himself, St. James could hardly refer as an argument calculated to influence forcibly those he was addressing? Or was he not, rather, referring to the fearful cries, and the confessions made amid tremblings and convulsions of the frame, by parties under the *daimoniac* paroxysm, which they had all, probably, frequently witnessed; and which they, as well as he, in common with their times, believed to proceed from tabernacling *daimons*?

We find this very mode of speech, this treating the acts of the possessed, as if performed immediately, and almost visibly, by the *daimons* themselves, in many other portions of the New Testament. Thus, in the account of the Gadarene *daimoniac* already quoted, Mark v. 10, we read, "He [the possessed] besought him much that he would not send THEM [the *daimons*] out of the country." But immediately afterwards, v. 12, the man is lost sight of altogether, and the *daimons* are introduced as the sole actors. "ALL the devils [*daimons*] besought him, saying, Send us into the swine." And so, also, in Matt. viii. 31. "So the devils [*daimons*] besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine." If we may, and *must* understand the entreaty here nakedly described as one made by the *daimons*, to mean an entreaty preferred in the personality, indeed, of *daimons*, but through the bodily form and organs of possessed man, may we not with equal justice, must we not, upon consistent principles of interpretation, understand the belief of the *daimons* alluded to by St. James, to be a belief, expressed, indeed, in like manner, in the personality of *daimons*, but through the frame and mouth of possessed man also, the very addition of trembling, or convulsive shuddering, being an emphatic characteristic of that condition; and the revelations of this condition—when man's own consciousness, turned back from and blinded to the relations of the outer world, and losing, or bewildered as to his own true identity, may only be the more awakened to an intuitive and perhaps painful perception of the reality of deity, and the awful beauty of holiness—the revelations of such a condition constituting, possibly, as we before suggested, as true, nay, more true and unexceptionable testimonies to the truth of the divine existence, than utterances proceeding from the angels of him who is the father of lies—spirits irreparably lost, and therefore irretrievably wicked; whose sole and eternal thought and feeling towards God and his beloved, must be hopeless hatred; whose eternal word, denial; whose eternal action, the endeavor to destroy his works, and mar the purposes of his love!

But we do not wish, nor is it requisite, to press

this point of critical interpretation any further. We are profoundly impressed with the marked distinction, which is everywhere preserved in the original of the New Testament—as we imagine every Greek scholar must be—between the two terms, *diabolos* and *daimon*. We see in the former everywhere indicated a being, whose nature is morally wicked; in the latter we see denoted—when not applied by St. Paul, in the Greek sense, to the mediate divinities worshipped by the Gentiles, or by him and the author of Revelations, to a similar worship revived in corrupted Christendom—that state of man's altered consciousness, when he is said expressly to be *beside himself*, and an intelligence different from his sane and ordinary self seems to direct his words and actions—a state which the heathens (as the modern Turks) looked upon as having something divine, or, as Plato would express it, something *daimoniocal* in it; which the Jews, like the modern Hindoos, in one phase of their pythonic system—for in the other they resemble the Greeks and Romans—supposed to result from the indwelling of an evil spirit; but which medical men of the present day would pronounce to be epilepsy or lunacy, and which the express language of the gospels themselves warrants them in doing so. For, as already remarked, we have the boy who, in Matt. xvii. 15, is said to be “sore vexed;” and whom, in Mark ix. 20, “the spirit tare,” and out of whom the *daimon*, after having been rebuked by Jesus, departed, Matt. xvii. 18—this same boy is, in Matt. xvii. 15, called by his father, expressly, a “*lunatic*,” or person afflicted with an affection depending on lunar influence, and immediately afterwards is described as being “cured.” Again, we find the two ideas of the *daimon* and *madness* identified in John x. 20—“He hath a *daimon*, and is mad.” And the difficulty of this language, which may to a European appear strange, and to present, as one, two utterly different ideas, receives its full solution in the East, where the identification between *daimon*-action and madness—and, indeed, all cerebral, nervous, and anomalous disease—is rooted in the popular mind, and has for centuries maintained the schools of medical exorcism presided over by the Bhuktus. And lest any one should contend that this distinction between the two terms, which our translation has confounded, is not one of character, as we maintain, but merely of dignity and degree; that *diabolos*, or “the calumniator,” is a title limited to the devil, i. e., to the fallen archangel—the author of evil and of death, the father of lies, and the accuser of man—whereas *daimon* is used to denote any subordinate evil spirit, we would point to the passage in St. John vi. 70, where our Lord, imputing moral guilt to Judas, calls him a *devil*—“Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a *devil*?” in which not *daimon*, but this very word, *diabolos*, or “calumniator,” is used; whereas, as above observed, when the Jews impute *madness* to our Lord, it is a *daimon* which they allege him to have. With the reality of this distinction, and that it is intentionally preserved throughout by

our Lord himself, and probably by St. John also, we feel strongly impressed; that even those of the disciples, who followed the current belief among the Jews, and believed these states of madness to result from a foreign spirit predominating over the proper intelligence of the patient, always use *daimon*, and its synonyms, “wicked spirit” and “unclean spirit,” in this restricted sense, that is, in association with human madness or derangement, or disease of a convulsive character; that wherever they designate an evil spirit by these terms, they designate them, not as in their own essence, or abstracted from body, but as manifested in their effects in the sphere of living humanity—in the tremor and the palsy, the gnashing and the foam, the convulsive action, the frantic gestures, the wild words, the terrible expression, the upturned eye, the death-like coma, the altered consciousness, and, occasionally, perhaps, the awakened vision, or exalted faculties, of a man beside himself.

Our interpretation of the passage in St. James' Epistle is in accordance with this view, that he refers to the confessions made by *daimonized* man.*

The same with our explanation of the three spirits of *daimons* in the Revelations—that they refer to three forms of epidemic phrenzy or delusion, whether political, social, or spiritual, in its immediate character, which, propagated like a contagious madness on living man, shall hurry him [if they be not already doing so] into the great and final war, which shall constitute the catastrophe of his tragic history on earth.

The several passages of St. Paul, on the other hand, all of which, except one, refer expressly to the religious ideas prevalent among the Gentiles, and connected with their idol worship, and that one, to a future departure or apostasy from the Christian faith, which shall be characterized by, among other things, a return to Gentile doctrines upon *daimoniac* intercession and worship, we are led, from a comparison of texts, and a consideration of the profound harmony of the apostle's ideas, to explain on another principle, which equally excludes his intending by the word *daimon* a disembodied wicked spirit—namely, in that sense in which the Greeks themselves—with whose philosophy and theosophic poetry he was manifestly conversant, and whom, be it remembered, *he is addressing*, whether still heathens like the Athenians, or recent Gentile converts like the Corinthians and Colossians—understood the term, that of a divine numen, superior to man and lower than the one supreme God, the Hypsistos and Agathos—in a word, a secondary protecting power, or angelic mediator. And this Gentile explanation of St. Paul's language affords a key to that passage in Revelations, where the word *daimon* is applied

* This word represents far more justly the participle *δαιμονιζόμενος*, employed in the original Gospels, than the phrase “possessed by devils,” used in our translation. There is nothing in the Greek term at all corresponding with, or suggesting the idea of, “possession,” strictly speaking.

in a precisely similar connection, to the same Gentile *daimon*-worship and idolatry revived, in another form, in the corrupted Christian church.

Yet, having thus done justice to very profound distinctions, in the language even of the apostles, and shown, from parallelisms of thought and expression current in the East, and from the deductions of a higher synthetic criticism, that passages the most apparently opposed to the physical import of the word *daimon* as distinguished from the moral, and the view of possession which it will suggest, can be interpreted in the most perfect harmony with it, we do not desire to press this point further. For, admitting that our interpretations were wholly wrong, and that the popular sense of *devil* were the true one in every one of these instances, in the Epistles and Revelations, it would only show, what we have already allowed, that the disciples themselves, or the greater number of them, regarded these phenomena, like the rest of their countrymen, as resulting from the actual indwelling of foreign evil spirits. What we mainly contend is, that our Lord himself never applies the word *daimon* to a *morally* evil spirit; for which, as we have seen, he ever employs either "Satan," "*diabolos*," or "the wicked one;" but to cases of epilepsy and madness, or of some similar physical ailment or mental aberration—cases placed in juxtaposition with "diseases," "sicknesses," and "infirmities;" which, like them, were brought to our Lord to be healed; which accordingly he "healed" and "cured;" and the casting out of which, in the commission given his disciples, is associated with the healing of the sick, the lame, and the blind. And, whatever the belief of the Jews, which, we never questioned, was similar to that of the Hindoos of this day, and whatever the belief and language of the disciples thereon, so remarkable a reserve and distinction in the language of our Lord himself, should not be wholly overlooked.

But, although we are desirous of establishing, what we are convinced is the truth, and will one day be recognized as such, that the demoniac possessions in the Gospels, those among the Hindoos, and the exhibitions of peculiar forms of mania, epilepsy, hysteria, chorea, &c. among ourselves, are absolutely identical phenomena, between which no true line of distinction can be drawn, we by no means wish, nor do we feel ourselves competent, to pronounce on the real character of the phenomena thus identified. On the one hand the pythonic spirits of the heathen nations, whether Greek or Hindoo, and the Jewish daimoniacs, may be simply epileptics, or the victims of other physical disease, viewed through the media of those mythic, or superstitious notions, which prevailed in Greece and Syria, and which still prevail in Hindostan. On the other, those perversions of the human reason, or consciousness, which modern European medicine, influenced perhaps by the rationalistic tendency of all modern science, pronounces to be mere results of the destruction or derangement of physical parts or functions, may

for aught we know, depend, even immediately, on causes far more spiritual than medulla, and nerve, and blood—may arise, even according to the laws of material causation, as Bayle has well shown, from the disorder introduced into these finer portions of our organization, by spiritual beings, armed with profound knowledge, and moving in the minutest vehicles. They may, in a word, be real demoniac possessions in the most literal sense. And, truly, a close observation of the intrinsically evil character often exhibited by parties suffering under such afflictions—of the apparently immodest, as well as the malignant tendencies which they sometimes evince—tendencies quite opposed to the natural and sane dispositions of the sufferers—may well have led thoughtful observers to recognize, in these manifestations, some influence transcending the sphere of mere physical agencies; in a word, some power of a moral kind, characterized by malignity of nature and depravity of sentiment. "Many facts," says Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of Life"—"many facts in medical experience, and peculiar phenomena of disease—as well as the loathsome generation of insects in the atmosphere, or on the surface of the earth, and many diseased states in both—appear to point rather to some intrinsically evil, and originally wild, demoniacal character in the sphere of nature." The opinion thus modestly suggested by the great modern German philosopher, is precisely that which was held as undoubted, and authoritatively maintained by the great lights of the church, during her conflict with paganism and the platonic philosophy. The fathers abound with passages attributing to "the blast of dæmons divers sicknesses and severe accidents, sudden and strange extravagances, blight in the grain, taint in the atmosphere, pestilential vapors, foul madness, and manifold delusions"—especially those connected with "offerings to idols, the practice of magic, and the deceits of a false divination." One of the most curious passages on this latter subject is the following, from Tertullian, *Apology*, i. 18. It indicates clearly the practice of mesmerism at the time when he wrote that work, A. D. 198 to 202: "Moreover if magicians also produce apparitions and disgrace the souls of the departed; if they *entrance children to make them utter oracles*," &c.

It is not our purpose, however, as we have already stated, to offer here any decision upon the pythonic question, or pronounce upon the real character and causes of these phenomena of the human system, which have existed in all ages and countries, under different names, exhibiting convulsive action of body in conjunction with a certain derangement of the individual consciousness, and an occasional exaltation of the mental powers. Our object is rather to furnish some additional materials to those which already exist, towards a right solution of this question. Having, in our former paper, traced up to its origin the notion of a twofold possession among pagan nations, to which we are led by philosophical reasoning upon the actual pythonic data which we have in India,

and upon the relation which natural phenomena assume towards the human mind at different stages of man's spiritual progress, of which relation these data afford conclusive proof; such reasoning being the only guide we can follow, when the spiritual machinery introduced in this pythonic system, with its duality and antagonism, is manifestly false, and we can neither admit a possession genuinely divine, nor one harmoniously and consistently demoniac in its operations; and having now brought before our readers the two different aspects in which these phenomena—divested of this false duality—divested also of the variety which they assume, from the different modes of belief, religious, superstitious, or scientific, prevailing in different countries and times, and reduced to one single class of facts, whether as presented in the Hindoo system of possession, or in the evangelical narratives, or in the records of medical experience of our own days, may be regarded by Christians; the purely spiritual aspect, which shall represent all such phenomena, as the immediate effect of a personal demoniac indwelling; or the mediate physical aspect, which, looking upon them still, indeed, as the effect of Satanic power, not in the former, personal, but in that, perhaps, far profounder, and more universal sense, in which death and disease, and all the bodily sufferings of man are the undoubted work of that old serpent, who was a murderer from the beginning, and who is expressly declared to have the power of death—presents them only as one—though, doubtless, a very peculiar—branch of that great upas-tree of disease and mortality, which spreads its shadow over the earth, giving the lie to every system of philosophic optimism, rebuking by its stern reality all the glorious dreams of poetry, all the sun-lit, cloud-built visions of romance, and standing upon our planet, the ever present record and proof of the rebel angel's conquest and dominion over fallen man, till that day when the Redeemer, whom the shepherd prince of Chaldaea foresaw in his affliction, shall stand upon the earth, and the last enemy—death—shall be destroyed before him: having thus brought before our readers all that we deem essential they should have present to their minds, to enable them to understand rightly, and judge comprehensively the novel facts upon which we are about to enter, we return from our long and discursive circuit, and shall, in our next, proceed to redeem the promise which we made at the close of our former paper, to illustrate the subject of *Waren*, or the divine afflatus of the Hindoos, by laying before them a series of pythonic sketches, drawn up on the spot several years ago, as memoranda of a system, the existence of which we discovered with some surprise, and the various ramifications of which, formed for some time a subject of interesting inquiry.

TOO LATE.—Some men are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth

naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is either to yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the cars have started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long, that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table again. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season, at church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, always ready, even if he should carry out his principles to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband and father, hinted to the bereaved widow that, at a proper time, he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was just in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the parson made the proposition to the widow. "You are too late," said she; "the deacon spoke to me at the grave." Scores have lost opportunities of making fortunes, receiving favors, and obtaining husbands and wives, by being a few minutes too late. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate, and tremble—who are never on hand for a journey, a trade, a sweetheart, or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill calculated to get a living in this stirring world!—*From a newspaper.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRAIRIE WOLF.—I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favorable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontiers of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I perceived one of the largest and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase; and being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humor to flee, however, but boldly met me full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then "laid to" my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and using it for a shield, began to thrust it towards his gaping jaws. My ruse had the desired effect; for after springing at me a few times, he wheeled about, and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and return to the attack, and conscious that, under the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I very resolutely—took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a drawn game, though I had myself given the challenge.—*Journal of a Santa Fé Trader.*

From the United Service Magazine.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SWIMMER.

Of moving accidents by flood—
Of hair-breadth 'scapes—
It is my hint to speak.

EVERY man, I suppose, has his passion. Mine, for many years, was swimming. It would, indeed, have been strange had it been otherwise, for I was, in a sense, brought up in the sea; my childhood was spent upon its shores, and many years of my after life were passed in trips and adventures upon its friendly and familiar bosom. Whilst still a very child, I acquired for the ocean, for its waves, and its sands, and its shells, and its pebbles, and its rocks, and the pleasant and invigorating atmosphere of its weedy beach, a fondness and enthusiasm which made me long look upon it as a spirited but affectionate steed, and which, even now that I have been for many years residing in an inland district, makes me wish to "lay my hand upon its mane" once more. When yet but a little thing of but four or five years old, with what delight, with what a terror of delight did I not venture forth into the deep waters, borne upon the shoulders of a cousin of mine, a capital swimmer—how I chuckled, and struggled, and screamed, between an irresistible glee and an uncontrollable fear. By and bye, I grew taller and stronger, and I could manage for myself, and after the usual ordeal of sinking, and sprawling, and swallowing many a draught of the bitter brine, I came, at length, to bear my head above water, and to strike out boldly, and to look upon the blue sea with a sympathy unalloyed by apprehension, even when the billows would toss, and fret, and curl with the crest of angry serpents, and rise in hillocks between me and the land, leaving to my eyes no other prospect than the palpitating waves and the overarching sky, or, perhaps, the glimmering sail of a ship far, far away in the distance.

Others may be much better swimmers than I am, for great expertness in swimming depends upon many qualities, which are seldom found united. It depends on long and lithe limbs, depth of chest, a light head. (By the way, it is remarkable that Byron, whose head, though not large, is said to have been so heavy, so full of brain, should have been the swimmer that he was.) It depends, too, on the slight bones, and on a frame in which nerve and energy have the preponderance over mere strength and blood. Fat and stoutness, though vulgarly supposed to be capital points for a swimmer, are, no doubt, very useful things in enabling a man to float, but the ability to float depending entirely on confidence, they become points of very little consequence, or rather drawbacks to the experienced swimmer, for whom a body that offers as small a surface as possible to the opposition of the waters, and a length of limb that will lend a considerable purchase to his movements, are the most desirable qualifications. But others, I say, may be better swimmers than I am, but I doubt if any can be much more familiar with the waters than I—

whether any have more of that confidence in swimming, which is only to be acquired by long habit, and whether any one can more heartily relish an exercise which, of all exercises, is the most healthy, invigorating, and delightful.

Yet it is by no means to my having escaped from those ordinary accidents to which swimmers are exposed that my confidence is owing. Cramp, and the little mishaps which may arise from over-fatigue or stiffness are matters, which, as a thing of course, must be expected, and I have had my share of them. But accidents—I may term them adventures—have befallen me, too, such as I do not think fall to the share of the generality of swimmers—accidents of a very unusual kind, the very remembrance of which is not unaccompanied, even to this day, with a thrill of horror. Cramp is a trifle, if it be slight, and if it is very serious, it is a thing for which there is no help, and of which, therefore, it is almost unnecessary to speak. If it is merely in a limb—in the leg, for example—it is a small matter. A tyro, it is true, if suddenly seized with cramp, will probably struggle foolishly, and, of course, sink; he will lose his presence of mind, and he is lost; but an older hand will, at worst, remain as quiet as possible till the pain subsides, whilst with his hands and arms he takes care to keep his head above water, or, if he can, he will "shoulder his crutch," or rather let it drag, or, in other words, pull his aching and paralyzed leg after him, supporting it, if necessary, with one of his hands, whilst with the remainder of his body he makes the best of his way to the land. But sometimes cramp may attack the stomach, and, of course, an agony which is almost killing when the patient is in a warm bed, cannot be expected to prove otherwise than fatal when the sufferer is in the midst of the sea, or in a deep river, far from the shore, with danger around him, and that danger exaggerated a hundred-fold to his imagination by its suddenness. However, people who get the cramp in this form must have something wrong about them. It is an ailment I never experienced, either in the water or elsewhere, and I do not pretend to know much about it; but those who suffer from this serious kind of cramp, must, evidently, have a constitutional tendency to the disease, or they must have entered the water under very foolish circumstances—immediately after a meal, for example, or when heated and exhausted by fatigue, the frame is too relaxed to repel the chilling influences of the water. To such people, the only advice that can be given is, do not attempt to swim. If they are liable to serious attacks of the cramp when on land, the odds are that they are certain to be seized with it in the water; or if they will venture to swim in a fool-hardy spirit, they may thank themselves for the consequences. Against all other ordinary, or, indeed, extraordinary accidents in swimming, the best safeguard is coolness. Coolness, which in this, as in other cases, springs from practice and experience, and being prepared for what may occur—coolness will almost infallibly

bly extricate one. Often, after having ventured further from the land than I found I could do with ease, I have, on my return towards it, felt puffed, and tired, and stiff. A few seconds' stretch upon my back, or a moment's delay in an upright position, allowing the waves to heave me up and down at their will, pleasantly; an instant's look at the sky, or the sea-gulls flying overhead, or at any object in sight, so as completely to divert my mind from any silly thoughts of danger, which, when a man is overpowered by his own littleness in the midst of the immense ocean, is very apt to obtrude itself even upon the most experienced swimmer; in a word, one calm effort to summon up my self-possession thoroughly, and then a quiet strike out towards the land once more, and it is soon reached. Such is the only sound rule for a swimmer, and with it, any one, who is not constitutionally subject to cramp, or other maladies of a similar nature, or who has committed no imprudence, may safely venture as far as his arms and legs and his physical strength will allow him to return from; and if the thoughts of cramp or accidents should enter his mind, let him lay them aside as he would the thought of a brick crushing him in the street, or a thunderbolt entering his room and consuming him. In the sea, as on the earth, there is a Providence above, and as long as we do not risk our life uselessly and recklessly, and in a position from which our natural qualities do not afford us the means of extricating ourselves—as long as we are indulging with prudence in a useful gratification, we ought to look with calmness upon what may await us.

But to come to incidents to which an adventurous swimmer may be exposed, and which have entered into my own individual experience. Some years ago I resided for a considerable time on the western coasts of France, where towns are few and thinly scattered, and where the allurements of a scanty and not very entertaining society are not such as to tempt the sojourner from the more congenial pleasure of shooting, fishing, and sea sports. The little parties of English who are grouped here and there in various localities, and who are composed for the most part of half-pays with a small income and an excellent appetite, or of family people with children to educate, signalize themselves, as usual, among their French neighbors by their fondness for those simple enjoyments which the French cannot relish, and always spoil by carrying into them the sickly taste of the *petit maître* and of the ball-room. Strong in his own independence, the wandering Briton might be daily seen lounging through the fields or thickets, with his pointer by him and his gun in his hand, astonishing the simple peasants with his shooting jacket, or at other times striking them with superstitious awe by the use of his plummet, which (I am quite serious) they, good souls, were invariably convinced would be used for no other purpose than sounding the way for the boats of some English man-of-war. Sometimes the grand but neglected walks and woods of the old *chateaux* of the decayed noblesse were startled

and enlivened by the chat and laughter of a merry English pic-nic, or, when the more noisy music of knives and forks and champagne corks had subsided, by the sentimental anguish of some poor exile's lips singing "Home, sweet home." I liked all these amusements, but I had my own besides, and a boat, with a gun to frighten away the wild ducks, or, better still, a pleasant and long swim in the great Atlantic, or in one of the numerous arms into which it branches in this portion of France, was what I relished above all things. About noon, on a fine summer's day, alone, or with a few congenial spirits, I would start forth, and spend the hours till dusk, perhaps in swimming at some favorite spot, occasionally coming to land, and, half-dressed, lolling on a rock, looking at the sea, or the boats far off, or the sea-birds, or criticizing with the eye and tongue of a connoisseur the aquatic feats of my companions, and then again plunging in, and, by and bye, repeating the process of lolling, and so on till the day was spent, and the great object of English idlers on the continent obtained—"I had killed time, and the dinner hour was come." Such a system of perseverance will, of course, appear to run—like too much smoking, or too much of anything—from a pleasure into a vice, and I have often felt the bad effects of the excess. Many a sun stroke have I had to endure upon my feet—the only portion of my body I did not take the pains of protecting—many a tedious day have I been invalided and unable to walk, owing to the swollen state of those indispensable limbs to an idler; and many has been the yolk of eggs which (after the "good-wife," but excellent prescription of the place) I have had to lavish on their scorched and burning surface before I was again all right. All this I mention, in order to account for the fact that swimming, by degrees, became for me a passion of such intensity, that it will almost seem ridiculous to those who do not reflect that any, even the most trifling pursuit, if allowed for any time to engross one's time, will end by thoroughly engrossing one's thoughts.

I had often heard of, I had often seen in the newspapers, very flaming accounts of the "heroic conduct" of swimmers who had saved others from drowning by plunging into the water and extricating them, and in the existing temper of my mind, it had naturally occurred to me, to consider and examine the circumstances under which this "heroic conduct" had been displayed. I knew very well that in the case of a child or of a weak woman falling into the water, it would be no very hard matter for any man capable of swimming to save them from drowning; in such cases there could be little or no difficulty. It would be no more than taking a piece of wood or anything light and unresisting out of the water. But, in the attempt to save a strong man from drowning, a man who could not swim, and having consequently no presence of mind, would be sure to use his strength, at best, to obstruct your kind services, or perhaps, in his frantic agony, to drag you with him to a watery grave—in the case of a man, then, I felt that the

attempt would be no child's play. An attempt I perceived it would necessarily be, in which success would not be easy, in which danger would be very probable, and though I thought of a variety of plans, not one, practised swimmer as I was, could I think at all likely to be available. My reflections on the subject were generally concluded with a shudder, at the very idea of an attempt so hazardous and so awful. Yet strange, or rather natural, to say, the more I considered the subject, and the more deeply I became impressed with the awful position in which one might be placed in the attempt to save a strong man from drowning, the more my ideas became riveted upon the subject, and I began soon to look upon the possibility of making such an attempt with a feeling of desperate curiosity, with a reckless and determined spirit of enterprise. I confess, indeed, that though I hope a feeling of philanthropy was at the bottom of my reflections on the subject, yet the influence in my mind was the spirit of my art, not the anxiety to do a deed of humanity. I confess this candidly, and I believe that something of the same feeling may be found in physicians, in soldiers, in lawyers—with them, as in my case, their paramount is the spirit of their art. No doubt the good of their species is at the nucleus, but their actuating motive must necessarily be the enthusiasm of their profession; the enthusiasm of cutting off a limb nicely; of sweeping down a batch of regiments, by well concentrated fire; of returning happiness to the bosom of an innocent client by the clever application of a case in point; and very probably philosophers would tell us that it ought to be so. If in all these instances humanity was the absorbing feeling, if the anxiety to assist in an object of philanthropy were paramount, the knife would shake in the hands of the surgeon, the military chief would sicken over the contemplation of blood, the lawyer would be as agitated and as little self-possessed as if the case were his own—thus it was with me. I did not wish that any one should be drowning in order to exert my skill in extricating him, but I wished to be present when so unfortunate an accident might happen, that I might see if I could not succeed in saving him. Though I do not pretend that philanthropy was at all an engrossing feature in my wish, still I hope that no one will place me in the same category as that Eastern tyrant, who is said to have struck off the head of a slave in order to show how well his scimitar could cut.

At length I had a rare opportunity of testing my prowess, and I received a lesson which cured me for a time of my self-sufficiency. One day I was passing near the quay of the little town near which I resided, when my attention was attracted by a group of people crowding to the water's edge, shouting and throwing about their arms with that indescribable agitation and fuss which characterizes the do-nothingness of Frenchmen. I approached of course, and soon perceived, by the lamentations of "*un homme se noye*," that some one had fallen from the quay into the water, which at that point was very deep. There was not a boat to be had

anywhere within a distance of at least ten minutes, for it was in the middle of the day, when the fishermen of the place were out fishing, and any one who has been so far as Calais, must be aware that, so great is the innate antipathy which the French have to salt water, there are, with the exception of the fishermen's, very few boats ever to be found in a sea-port of France. In the mean while, whilst a boat was being sent for, and amidst the shouts and screams of the people on the quay, the surface of the water beneath became ruffled and the head of a man struggling made its appearance. A rope was immediately thrown towards him, but he could not or would not reach it, and he sunk again in an instant. By this time something like a boat was seen approaching, but a very long way off; but it was not difficult to perceive that, unless something more immediate was done, the boat would be too late. My mind was made up in an instant. I should, indeed, have sprung in immediately on reaching the spot, but there was no landing-place near, and as the quay rose very high from the water, it would have been utterly hopeless for me to be of any service. The appearance of the boat, however, altered matters; if I could but support him for a minute or two, it would be enough, and I therefore flung off my coat, and swung myself down into the water, holding one end of the rope already mentioned in my hand. Owing to the wretched bungling and agitation of the people on the quay, the rope was pulled from me, but once in the water I resolved not to delay, and went on without it. If I can do anything well, it is diving, and down I dived accordingly, but though I remained under water as long as my wind would last, I could catch not a glimpse of the object of my search. This may perhaps be attributed to my having dived too soon, before reaching the spot where he had sunk, and once under water, especially in a moment of excitement, it is most difficult to preserve the proper direction, which, indeed, must appear evident; but whatever may be the cause, I searched in vain—I opened my eyes, well accustomed to salt water, as wide as they would open, I groped and shifted about, I went round and round, but the waters overshadowed by the quay were very dark, and I saw nothing, and came into contact with nothing, and up I rose again. The crowd above seeing me reappear unsuccessful, shouted "*la, la*," and pointed towards a spot where the water was ruffled at a yard or two from me. I understood their meaning, and with scarcely any delay dived again in the direction they pointed out. By this time I had discovered that it is a very different thing diving for mere amusement, and on an occasion like the present. A strange fluttering of the heart, an intense anxiety, oppressed me as I descended a second time. I kept as good a look-out as I could, but somehow or other the water was darker than before, and I could distinguish nothing at all. I persisted, however, for some time in my search, but at length feeling it impossible to keep in my breath any longer, I threw back my head and rose upwards, giving up the matter as a bad

job, and rather glad, in fact, to be rid of it. I was already just near the surface, I could perceive the light of the sun through the uppermost waters, my chest was already gulping for want of breath, I had now forgotten everything in the paramount anxiety to breathe, when—who shall express the horror of that moment!—my arms were suddenly pinioned to my sides, my body was clasped by two wiry arms from behind, and I was dragged forcibly downwards. That sensation was indeed terrible—I felt as if my frame would have burst with emotion; when suddenly, as suddenly as I had been seized—as suddenly was the grasp loosened, and I felt the wretch's arms beating about frantically in the water around me. I had as yet kept in my breath with the most dreadful exertions, and once I felt myself free, I sprang fiercely upwards, but I could not do this quickly enough, for the drowning man clenched my leg like a vice before I had reached the surface. The impetus I had taken, however, drew him along with me, and for one second—for one awful second—I emerged into the air, and had had just time to open my mouth and relieve my chest, not, however, without swallowing some of the bitter brine. Down he dragged me again; he now clasped my waist—I thought he would have stifled me—I endeavored to tear his arms from me, but I might as well have tried to wrench off an iron girdle. I dived downward in hopes to rid myself of him, but he kept fast—I grasped the muddy sand at the bottom in my frantic despair, and the water, that was already dark, was made black, thick, and horrible. At length I thought he was loosening me—I made a last effort to tear myself away; but no, he tightened his arms again—I had but shifted my position. Now we were face to face, and I felt his head burrowing in my neck, and his teeth mumbing my waistcoat. Can I ever forget the horror of that moment! I could hold in my breath no longer—I have a vague recollection of seizing his throat with my hands and endeavoring to strangle him. Then the water began to choke me, and then quickly there crept through me a strange, undefinable sensation that felt as a relief—a sensation not unlike that agreeable languor and dizziness which follow a long and severe fever, when, too exhausted and weak to be actually delirious, the senses yet become benumbed and indistinct, and surrounding objects rock and swim around in the shape of trees, of fields, and fountains, and cascades, familiar and friendly faces. I became exhausted and half unconscious, like one drunk with opium, and a plaintive sound, something between the pealing of bells and the hum of a sea shell, rung in my ears, and then it dropped away by degrees, and darkness seemed to close around me—and I remember no more.

When I awoke again to consciousness, I was in bed, and at a friend's house. I was then told that whilst I was in the water, the boat of which I have spoke had arrived upon the scene, and that when I rose to the surface for the first time the people in it had endeavored to assist me, but that I had sunk again before they were able to do so.

Some time elapsed before I appeared again, and all hope had been abandoned of seeing me again above, and already drags had been sent for. At length I appeared, in the dead embrace of my terrible companion. We were immediately taken out of the water, and no effort was spared to reanimate us; I was saved, but alone. The unfortunate man whom I had thus wished to save was a seaman belonging to a brig-of-war boat, and in a drunken fit he had staggered into the water. Perhaps the effects of his potations disabled him from swimming—perhaps he did not know how; the latter supposition would not be at all astonishing in a French seaman, for the navy of France is recruited much in the same manner as its army, and very often tall mountaineers, grown men, are shipped off quite unceremoniously, although they may have passed their former life in a state as innocent of water as can well be conceived. At all events, when I found what manner of man it was that I had attempted to save, I was not surprised at my ill success—I was but too thankful that I escaped with my own life.

It may readily be imagined that this event was a lesson which I did not soon forget. A burnt child dreads the fire, and a half-drowned man may be easily supposed not to have a much greater relish for the water. For some time I could not bring myself to bathe again, and when at length my old propensity began to return, I had the keenest horror of being touched by any one, or indeed of having any one near me whilst swimming. I had before been foolishly presumptuous; I had now grown ridiculously timid. There is a "merry sport," common enough among swimmers, of one coming upon another suddenly, mounting upon his shoulders, and giving him, by an expert and unexpected push downwards, a very humorous kind of ducking, which, as he is taken by surprise, almost infallibly makes him gulp down some mouthfuls of salt water. This was a prank which, in my day, I had not been at all sparing in playing upon my natatory companions—so much so, that in one instance I remember well that in the thoughtless exuberance of my energy, I had kept an unfortunate friend so long under water, that it was very near being dangerous to him; and of course, on the principle of tit for tat, I was always ready to undergo the same species of immersion whenever I might be taken unawares. Now, however, this amusement, which to continual swimmers varied and enlivened the monotony of bathing, this amusement, and all other practical jokes of a similar nature, had become odious to me, and by degrees, as I could never be secure from their occurrence whilst I was bathing with friends, and as my companions did not at all enter into my feelings of horror on the subject, but, on the contrary, very unmercifully quizzed my nervousness and increased their persecution in proportion as I seemed to dread it; by degrees, I say, I grew fond of solitary bathing, where I might indulge myself alone, without the recollection of the drowning man's dreadful gripe forever haunting me.

This feeling wore away by-and-by, and swimming still continuing to be a matter of some importance to me, occupying, as I have said it did, a good portion of my time whenever the weather was tolerably fair, it was insensibly replaced by a feeling of a very different character. Ever since the awful accident which I have above related—I call it awful, for to me it was and still is so, though by those who have not the memory of having undergone it to quicken their imagination, its awfulness can be but imperfectly conceived—ever since that accident, I had often reflected on the means of avoiding danger oneself whilst endeavoring to rescue a man from drowning; and an accident which I shall presently describe having suggested to me a plan, which, with a little management, I thought would answer, I now began to look forward to an opportunity of trying it, not, indeed, with the sanguine impatience of my less experienced days, but with a sober kind of sternness and a calmer determination. Such an opportunity in the course of time offered itself at length.

About a twelvemonth had passed away, and I was fonder of swimming, if possible, than ever I had been, and my squeamishness had entirely disappeared. One day in winter I had been in a boat shooting wild ducks with a party of friends; I had dropped them all, with one exception, on a part of the coast where they resided, and with my only remaining companion I was sailing across the half river, half sea, which is known by the name of the Morbihan, and making the best of my way to the point at which we both resided. A lively breeze was up, we had stretched all our canvass, and our little boat bending on its side skimmed pleasantly over the waters. When we were still at some distance from our destination, and just passing a rudely built jetty, raised for the convenience of fishermen, my friend stood up smoking a cigar, and inhaling, as he expressed it, the bracing evening breeze. He was beginning to expatiate on the beauty of the scenery, when a kind of squall sprung from the turn of the river, the boat was jerked on one side, and my friend losing his equilibrium was capsized overboard. At first I was tempted to laugh, but when I found that the tide was bearing him away quicker than I could make the boat tack towards him, and that he had already, being no swimmer, lost his presence of mind, I really began to be alarmed. At once I changed my tactics, ran the boat on the jetty, threw the anchor on the stones, and jumped into the water in spite of the cold, which was no joke at that time of year and hour of the day. He was still above water, but fast sinking, and the distance between us was increasing. I darted forwards, however, and when he sunk I dived after him. Then, for the first time, did something of a misgiving, something of an apprehension lest a fate similar to that of former days should again befall me, take possession of me. Nevertheless, I proceeded very cautiously. The water was clear, and that was an advantage. I intended if possible to watch him from a respectful distance, and

then, when an opportunity occurred, to seize him by the back of the neck, or, if that were not possible, to pinion his arms within my own, and then swim to land with my feet. Although a strong and wiry man, he was small and light, and I might reasonably hope to succeed. As I was proceeding under water as stealthily as I thought this plan demanded, endeavoring at the same time to catch a glimpse of his whereabouts, my hand was suddenly grasped. Seldom have I felt such a thrill of horror as at that moment, for the grasp was of the same frantic, indescribable character as that of the man with whom I had formerly meddled. That grasp, if I may so express myself, was the electric conductor between me and the sensations of the past. My first impulse was no longer to save him, but to save myself. This alarm was but transitory, and summoning up all the courage I was master of, I sprang upwards with him to the surface. He let go my hand, but now in my turn I grasped his. He endeavored to swing round, and embrace me with his arms. I was prepared for this, and seizing him by the front of his waistcoat, I held him at arm's length from me, whilst I entreated of him to be calm and not to struggle, and that I would save him. But I might as well have spoken to the waves. Frantically did he attempt to catch hold of me, and to draw closer to me, and being foiled in this, he clenched my arm that held him, with so much force, that I thought the blood would have gushed from it. Notwithstanding all this, we were now at last on the surface; I had recovered all my self-possession, and had leisure to consider, and perceiving that my efforts to gain the shore were rendered ineffectual by his struggling, (the utmost I could do was to keep above water,) and as I was really getting quite stiff from cold and fatigue, I at length reluctantly made up my mind to resort to a plan which I had often meditated, and which, though somewhat unpleasant, was not likely to prove unsuccessful. We were alone—not a creature was in the neighborhood; it was already growing dusk; there could be no hope of assistance from any quarter; it was therefore no time for trifling. Accordingly, I forthwith began by "planting a blow" with my hand that was free, and in the true milling style, between his two eyes. This of course called forth all his frenzy; I felt the arm that had held him growing benumbed and powerless, so I "planted" another, and another, and another, as quickly as possible. The fourth or fifth was scarcely given, when he lay unresistingly in my arms. This end obtained, I made the best of my way with him towards the jetty. The icy water had a very revivifying effect upon him, for by the time we were reaching land, he was again beginning to struggle. I got him on shore nevertheless, and then into the boat, much to my relief and his own after satisfaction. I need hardly say that he did not "demand an explanation" for my having struck him.

I may as well relate here from what a casual accident the above somewhat vigorous but very

efficient plan of saving a man from drowning occurred to me. The plan itself is simple enough; it is perhaps the only one that is certain of success in like circumstances; but I do not think I should even have thought of it, had it not been suggested to me by the merest chance. A few months previous to the incident I have just described, I was bathing with some friends near a large and lofty rock, under which, it was asserted, there was a deep marine cavern. Numerous, it was said, had been the deaths by drowning at this particular spot, for many swimmers had at different periods attempted, by diving down, to explore the cavern, and had been drowned in the attempt. The very danger of the place made us like it. Man is a danger-loving animal; and here there was something of that zest derived from peril, which many amusements, when passionately followed, take in the minds of some their principal charm from. There was an excitement in it, and we used frequently to attempt an entrance into the cavern, but none of us, I suspect, ever had the courage to proceed to any distance in the dark waters under the rock. To speak for myself at least, I may say that I was indeed fond enough of diving down and looking into the palpable obscure before me, but I never relished the idea of trusting myself within it; for though I felt no current, somehow or other we had persuaded ourselves that this might be one of the "mouths of the ocean;" and I was by no means anxious to be carried, by such a channel, literally to the bosom of my mother earth. We all, in fact, I imagine, contented ourselves with diving down, peeping in, and cruising about as long as breath lasted, and then, when we could hold under no longer, we would return to the surface, resolved not to be out-done by each other in the most circumstantial description of the formation of the cavern, and of the strange and unaccountable sights that, with a little stretch of imagination, we might reasonably be supposed to have witnessed within it—for in truth we were sad braggars. One day, however, the matter was brought to a test. T——, a friend of mine, and one of the boldest and best swimmers that I have ever known, maintained that he had entered the cavern, that he had explored it thoroughly, that he had ascertained that the stories of its depth were quite unfounded, and that, in fact, it was nothing more than a large and unusual hollow in the rock. We were, of course, all very indignant at such an assertion. In fact, it was a complete refutation of all our own imaginary descriptions of its depths, horrors, and immensity. T—— persevered in his assertion; and as we looked incredulous, challenged any of us who dared to follow him into it. I accepted the challenge; and allowing a moment's start, I dived after him. As I came to the dark mouth of the cavern, T——'s feet were just disappearing into it—a little to my dismay, I confess, for I half doubted his being really in earnest. However, I followed slowly after him, taking a slightly different direction, so as not to come into

contact with him. I had not been very far before I begun not at all to like the sensation. I had quite lost sight of T——, for the water, though limpid to the touch, was perfectly dark, owing to the total exclusion of the light by the overhanging rock. I *fancied* too, that I felt oppressed, stifled, as if for want of air in so confined a place, (such is the force of imagination,) and I began to think of retracing my steps, the more so as I really was getting fatigued, and the slowness of my cautious progress having consumed a considerable time, my breath was becoming exhausted. I was preparing to carry my retreat into execution, when my foot was struck violently by a human leg, and in a manner not so easy to describe as to understand, which clearly denoted that the person (it could be no other than T——) who gave the stroke was not merely swimming, but was struggling and in danger. Of course, under similar circumstances, one is wonderfully alive to the least suspicion of danger. I therefore made my way as speedily as possible towards the glimmering light at the mouth of the cavern, and it was with no small relief that I emerged into clearer and more translucent water. My decomposure was considerably increased, when, as I was springing upwards to the surface, I noticed a thin streak of blood tracked perpendicularly in the water, from the mouth of the cavern to the surface. This was soon explained, for on reaching the air I saw, to my horror, T—— floating powerlessly, and faintly struggling on the water, his head and shoulders bathed in blood. Before I could render him any assistance, one of our friends was already helping him to the shore. T—— had fainted from loss of blood, and a baby could not have been more easily drawn to the land. It appeared, that in the dark he had struck his head against a sharp corner of the interior of the rock, but that he had still sufficient strength and presence of mind to make for the mouth of the cavern, which he had some difficulty in reaching. But it was this incident that first suggested to me the plan I afterwards adopted. Perceiving how easily he was extricated from the water when powerless, I reflected that it might be possible to render powerless a man whom it was necessary to save from drowning, if I adopted the harsh but only available mode of stunning him. I still think that in many cases this is the only means that can be adopted; but then, too, it is not every man that *will* be stunned. I remember an amusing instance of this. Once, when the rest of us were swimming at some distance from the shore, a good-natured but simple Frenchman, to whom I had imparted my specific for saving a drowning man, perceiving that an Irish gentleman was going through some peculiarly strange evolutions in the water, which the Frenchman took for drowning, the latter got into a boat we had with us, shoved it towards the Irishman, and began belaboring him with a cane. Our Irish friend, of course, did not understand this, and having hunted his persecutor out of the boat, had given him the better

part of the thrashing, before any of us who could understand the languages of both, were able to interfere. He was one, in fact, who *wouldn't* be stunned. But, as a general rule, I say the stunning plan is a good one, as, indeed, must be evident, from the facility of saving a man to whom has occurred an accident, similar to that which I have just stated happened to T——.

Poor T——! His was a melancholy, a mysterious fate. He was scarcely thirty, he had received a capital college education, (at Cambridge, I believe,) and he was one of the pleasantest fellows you could have at a bachelors' party. He could "sing a good song," possessed an abundance of classic and lively quotations in conversation, was extensively informed, witty, and very often eloquent. He was an excellent shot, a bold rider, and the swiftest of swimmers. In a word, he might have been a great man or a pleasant man; he might have been a distinguished politician or a capital boon companion. He rather inclined to the latter of the two characters having spent the first years of his youth in an idle kind of life about London. He there got some money on the death of a relation, and forthwith went travelling about the continent with a shooting jacket and a gun, spending his life in that healthy, harmless, but desultory manner, which is agreeable to many young Englishmen.

In the summer following the accident of the rock, a small party of us (T—— was one) made an excursion in a boat to the island of Belleisle, so well known in the annals of English prowess. The day was warm, the sea calm, and on our return across to the equally notorious place of Quiberon, T—— expressed a wish to have a swim. No one offered to join him, but we all readily consented to reef the sail and wait for him. Into the water he went accordingly, whilst we availed ourselves of the pretext of delay, to have a kind of supplementary luncheon. Our boat drifted with the ripple and the tide, and there was soon a considerable distance between T—— and us. His head would occasionally be seen on the top of a wave, and then he would disappear in a hollow, and then again appear, and so on, but no thoughts of danger, of course, ever entered our minds. Some of us dozed, some smoked, some eat, some drank, some extemporized on the scenery. Belleisle stood up grim and stern far off on one side, Quiberon lay indistinct and flat, at about an equal distance on the other. At length some one took up a gun to have a shot at a seagull; off went the gun, and down came the seagull, badly wounded, at some forty yards from us. We pulled towards it. It was no easy matter to get hold of it. After a good deal of delay, we succeeded. And spending a little time in looking at it, feeding it, and bending up its broken wing, we began to think of T——, and that it was time to get on towards Quiberon. We looked out for T——, but we could not see him. We were sure, at first, that he must be concealed behind the rising of the waves. We pulled

towards where we had seen him last, but could not see him. We pulled about and about; he was nowhere; he was there but a few minutes before. For an hour or two we continued beating about in every direction; it was all in vain. Was it possible—could we credit our senses? Had we seen him sink it would have been, as it were, a consolation; but that he should thus sink and vanish and "make no sign," was more horrible than can be expressed. We bore away at length, sadly and sorrowfully, from where the friend, so full of joy in the morning, lay now "unknelled, unconfined, and unknown."

From the Spectator, 21 Oct.

THE CASTLEREAGH PAPERS.*

EXPECTATION is naturally raised very high as regards the interest and value of Lord Castlereagh's papers, when the active nature of his life is considered, and his connection with stirring or great events—as the Irish Rebellion, the Union, the diplomatic conduct of the closing campaign against Napoleon previous to his first abdication, and the subsequent negotiations at Vienna. That expectation is not satisfied by the two volumes before us, relating to the Irish Rebellion and a part of the arrangements for the Union. The papers are imperfect, and sometimes rather the sweepings of a statesman's cabinet than a complete exhibition of his character and career from his own pen, such as we have in the Wellesley, Wellington, Nelson, and Malmesbury despatches. Neither are they a judicious selection from a minister's correspondence, throwing a fuller light upon affairs than could be done by merely his own writing. On the contrary, they often consist of common business letters, and small facts without interest either in substance or manner, though frequently relieved by papers of interest and importance, especially as regards the Union. When an invasion of Ireland was expected, it was no doubt important to the Irish government that any rumors, and still more any authenticated particulars of preparations in the French ports, should be transmitted from London to the Irish secretary; but neither these, nor similar small reports, nor the official letters of course in which they were enclosed, have the slightest interest now; and there is a good deal too much of that sort of thing in the volumes before us. "Round him much embryo, much abortion lay," is one characteristic of the hero of the Dunciad's study: we could believe a minister's cabinet distinguished in the same way without having the fact impressed upon us by opinions and suggestions from known or unknown writers which come to nothing. Of course, the mere smallness of a fact does not militate against its publication if it has interest in itself, or contains anything beyond itself, or if the vivacity of

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, Second Marquess of Londonderry. Edited by his brother, Charles Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. Volumes I. II.

the writer gives life to his matter. The reports from foreign spies, or from the traitors engaged in betraying their friends at home, are sometimes curious for their sketches of character, or as pictures of conspirators' life; they frequently impress upon the mind the usefulness of calculating upon surprise or secrecy in affairs known to many, and the necessity of looking for success to some large conception, the resources of the state, and the character of the agents or forces to be employed, instead of engaging in schemes which are almost sure to be betrayed. There were not only traitors among the United Irishmen, but even, it would seem, in the cabinets of the French ministry; and, by parity of reasoning, the French probably had as good information of what was going on in England. These sources of knowledge are useful to have, but not to build upon.

If the work professed to be complete—to give, as in the case of Sir Harris Nicolas' Nelson, every scrap that could be obtained—something might be said for meagreness or triviality; but completeness is far from being a characteristic of the *Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh*. Part of this is inevitable. Papers were lost by accidents, law, and wreck.

The late Lord Londonderry at an early period of his political career made his will, and, it appears, never altered it. One of the executors was the late George Holford, Esq., M. P., a most particular friend from his early life, and a man for whom he deservedly entertained the highest esteem and affection; the other was his professional adviser, the late William Groom, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn Fields. At the decease of the testator, to these gentlemen belonged all his papers, private and public. The first Marquess of Londonderry had by will bequeathed all his personals to his eldest son; and, by his eldest son's disposition before his father's death, the chattels, interest, papers, &c., did not descend in the regular succession. It happened, therefore, that the executors above mentioned, instead of handing the papers, public and private, to the heir-at-law, placed them under the control of the Court of Chancery, with a view of exonerating themselves from responsibility in case any of the documents could be claimed by the government of the country. Various delays took place before I was enabled to bring the question to an issue as to my positive right as heir-at-law to all these documents. At length, by the indefatigable perseverance and sound judgment of Mr. Farrer, the master in chancery, and by the highly honorable and straightforward decision of Lord Palmerston, the secretary for foreign affairs, and the Lord Chancellor Cottenham, a great mass of papers, public and private, was delivered over to me. On examination of the documents, I regret to say that I discovered many chasms and losses; and that, in consequence, it will be extremely difficult to make a regular and connected detail of the most complicated and interesting events to which they refer, as well as to place the chief actor in the position in which it is but justice that posterity should view him. But my part is to do my best, and not to shrink from the difficulties before me.

In regard to the biography of my lamented brother, including a connected narrative of his public

transactions, which is comprehended in the plan of this collection, I did hope that my task might be reduced to little more than a discreet and judicious selection from such materials and documents as were in my possession; but a wholly unforeseen accident has deprived me of that intimate fraternal correspondence for twenty-five successive years which would have formed the most important part of any work I could have offered to the public. On returning from my embassy to Vienna, many years since, I placed this collection in the hands of the Reverend S. Turner, who was at that time nominated and going out as Bishop of Calcutta. This excellent and invaluable divine and friend had been tutor to my son Castlereagh; and, feeling a deep interest in the family, he had undertaken to arrange these papers, and to commence the Life of the late Marquess of Londonderry, aided by various other documents and information which he had collected. The vessel, however, that sailed for India with Mr. Turner's baggage, effects, papers, &c., was unfortunately wrecked; and thus ended all my hopes, at that period, of leaving for posterity such a record of the statesman and the brother as I felt that he deserved.

In addition to these hiatuses, the present marquis, as editor, seems to have exercised some selection, on the principle of official reserve and delicacy towards individuals. We take it, that things making against Lord Castlereagh, or greatly against the government, might be suppressed. If there be any foundation for this conjecture, the historical value of the whole collection will be further reduced, and very probably its interest. The following letter from the Duke of Portland's under-secretary seems to relate to some grand money operation to be exercised by the Irish government in influencing parties before the meeting of that Irish Parliament to which the measure of the Union was first submitted; but we have not found the letter, "marked most secret," to which Mr. Wickham's was a reply.

MR. WICKHAM TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Private and Most Secret.

Whitehall, January 7th, 1799.
20 minutes past 5.

My dear Lord—Immediately on the receipt of your lordship's letter of the 2d instant, marked "most secret," I waited on the Duke of Portland, at Burlington House; who without loss of time wrote both to Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville on that part of the letter which seemed to press the most; and I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that a messenger will be sent off from hence in the course of to-morrow, with the remittance particularly required for the present moment; and the Duke of Portland has every reason to hope that means will soon be found of placing a larger sum at the lord-lieutenant's disposal; but upon this point I shall probably have occasion to write to your lordship again to-morrow, as well as on the subject of the emigrants, to whom your lordship alludes in the latter part of your letter.

I am, &c., WILLIAM WICKHAM.

The first volume of the *Correspondence* relates to the rebellion; upon which it throws very little new light. The extensive conspiracy, the trea-

sonable communications with France, the wildness of the projects unless supported by foreign assistance, the cruelties of the insurgents, matched by the tyranny and insolence of the yeomanry, the occasional violence of the troops, and the doings of spies and informers, will be read more fully in other well-known books than here. In fact, no very large or distinct idea of the rebellion is presented to the mind, except the communications of the United Irishmen with France, and the sources of information open to the government through agents who were not produced. The consideration and, looking at the age and its ideas of punishment, the kindness of government towards treason the most distinct and consequences the most bloody and ruinous, were also well known. An explanation of the odium attaching to Castlereagh for his share in its suppression is found in his utter impossibility. He seems to have stripped affairs of all qualities whatsoever except their business character of a thing to be done or an end to be reached; and though he might not do a dishonest or cruel thing himself, he had, or at least he showed, no *feeling* against corruption or cruelty. He might be said to have adopted the Jesuit maxim, that "actions have no qualities in themselves," without the Jesuit qualification of depending upon the motive. Cornwallis the soldier, hardened in Oriental and American warfare, could write thus upon the doings whose necessity he admitted:

There is certainly mischief working in various parts of the country, and Marsden thinks in Dublin and its vicinity. In the mean time, the same wretched business of courts-martial, hanging, transporting, &c., attended by all the dismal scenes of wives, sisters, fathers, kneeling and crying, is going on as usual, and holds out a comfortable prospect for a man of any feeling.

In despite of a bill of indemnity, an action was brought and damages recovered in a case of most scandalous brutality, the infliction of five hundred lashes by one Fitzgerald, a high sheriff, on a gentleman of the name of Wright, without the slightest reason, unless it was Fitzgerald's ignorance of French. Upon this case of brutal cruelty Castlereagh coolly writes as follows:

Nothing could be more fatal to the king's interests than an impression obtaining that the Bill of Indemnity was inadequate to protect those who had acted for the public service with good intentions, *however in a moment of struggle and warmth they might have erred in point of discretion*. Nothing can be more explicit than the words of the law are upon this subject; and there can be no doubt that, if soundly and clearly expounded by the bench, and correctly acted upon by the jury, protection is completely afforded by them to every man whom the legislature could possibly mean to protect. But when these transactions come to be reviewed at a cooler moment, the act of violence is proved, when it is *impossible for the defendant to adduce evidence to the whole of the circumstances under which he acted*. There is a laudable disposition in the bench to condemn what appears, as the case

is stated, a severity not altogether called for; the circumstances are strongly colored by the plaintiff's counsel; and the jury ultimately find their verdict rather upon the question of whether the defendant exercised a sound discretion, than whether he acted *bonâ fide* with a fair intention for the public service.

This real or apparent coldness of character would operate upon the literary interest of Castlereagh's correspondence, even were it more complete than it is likely to be. From the nature of his mind, he could not endow small or common matters with any life, causticity, point, or pleasantry from himself; and he lowered great affairs to his own level. Of course, a measure or an event must have such qualities as it possesses; and these will always remain for those who can see them. Castlereagh did not appear to see anything beyond the business quality, and he kept everything else out of sight of everybody else, so far as he could manage it. In the business part of the matter he was indeed very great, though not unrivalled. He saw the true pressure of difficulty, and how it might be surmounted; and with immovable temper and inexhaustible patience he set himself to work, as a gambler playing for somebody else might sit down to his game, careful of his cards and his counters, and with an eye to the stake, but quite indifferent to direct and still more to indirect consequences. No one has ever considered the Duke of Wellington a man of imaginative or expansive mind; yet in pronouncing upon particular matters he frequently lays down general rules, or even elucidates a general principle: there are times, even in the sternest natures, when the human triumphs over the professional character, and the man is seen beneath the soldier or the politician, in some burst of enthusiasm or some trait of feeling. Castlereagh appears to have had nothing of this. He was by nature what the case-hardened lawyer is said to become by time: he had no comprehensiveness of intellect as a statesman; as a minister he had nothing human in his heart or ethical in his head. Hence the *settlement* of Europe began to ferment before his brewing was over; and the whole Vienna arrangement is now blown up. Hence his mode of carrying the Union, though perhaps inevitable, placed a stigma upon the measure itself, and has afforded a never-ending topic to its impugnors. Hence the popular and even parliamentary dislike with which he was regarded, and the almost proverbial odium still attaching to his name, notwithstanding the suavity of his manners and his personal respectability.

It was, however, this impassibility of character which adapted him for the position he so often had to occupy, of bearing up against failure, charges of blunders, and the effects of the conjoint insolence and corruption that distinguished the old tory. A finer mind would have shrunk under it; a less patient disposition would have fallen foul of his opposition enemy, who offered, we all know, points enough of attack; a more critical perception would sometimes have felt the ridicule of his

situation; but a certain torpidity of intellect rendered Castlereagh insensible to the blunders of others or his own.

He stood unshook amid a bursting world.

His qualities still more fitted him for carrying the Union than for swaying the English House of Commons. Of that measure he was undoubtedly the main instrument, and as regards mode, the author and contriver. A sentimental mind might have sympathized somewhat with the "constitutional" outcry, and the absorption of an independent nation. A more philosophic genius would have dwelt upon the advantages of forming a part of the imperial nation, and having the field of Great Britain thrown open to Irish enterprise or adventure. A loftier mind would have been disgusted with the corruption in the shape of patriotism that met him on every side, or, if impressed with the necessity of the measure, have counselled more violent modes of action. Castlereagh, when baffled by the vote of the existing House of Commons, set himself coolly down to estimate the value of Irish independence, in a memorial addressed to the Duke of Portland.

The persons naturally committed against a Union may be classed as follows:

The Borough Proprietors—the Secondary Interests in Counties—the Primary Interests in Counties—the Barristers—the Purchasers into the present Parliament—Individuals connected with Dublin.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the various modes in which the measure goes to affect the classes above mentioned. It is evident that borough property must suffer a diminution of value by the proposed arrangement. There being but one member for each county intended, thirty-two individuals, whose weight now returns them to parliament, must stand absolutely excluded.

The Primary Interests, though not threatened with exclusion, are exposed to new contests.

The Barristers in Parliament look to it as depriving them of their best means of advancement, and of their present business in the courts, if they support it; the attorneys having formed a combination for this purpose.

The Purchasers are averse to it, as being a surrender without advantage of the money paid for their present seats.

The Individuals connected with Dublin, right or wrong, consider a union as tending to lower the value of their property.

Some estimate may be made of the amount of value thus supposed to operate against the measure. It is proposed to alternate 108 boroughs: taking an Irish seat at 2,000*l.*, and an English seat at 4,000*l.*, the loss of value on an Irish borough would be about one half, or 7,000*l.* on each, making in the gross 750,000*l.*

Estimating a county seat at an equal value, where the superior pride of the situation counterbalances its uncertainty, the loss of thirty-two seats extinguished amounts to 224,000*l.*

The superior value of the other seat cannot, as in the boroughs, operate as a set-off, as it does not in the case of counties belong to the same individual; it can only counterbalance, in a certain degree, to the person possessing the leading interests,

the superior risk and expense to which he will be exposed.

It is difficult to estimate the Private Interests of the barristers, but it must be pretty considerable; as they are about thirty in number, many of whom purchased their seat—say 4,000*l.* each, taking their seats and prospects of situation together; which gives a result of 200,000*l.*

The purchasers into the present parliament are very numerous; supposing only fifty, at 1,500*l.* each, seats being peculiarly cheap, gives 75,000*l.*

The Dublin Influence it is difficult to estimate; it arises out of property and houses, lands, canal-shares, &c., which the owners very falsely conceive would suffer in Dublin—call it 200,000*l.* The calculation will then stand thus—

Boroughs,	£756,000
Counties,	224,000
Barristers,	200,000
Purchasers,	75,000
Dublin,	200,000
	<hr/>
	£1,433,000

If the above statement approaches towards the truth, there is a most formidable principle of resistance existing in the nature of the arrangement; which, connected with the general strength of opposition, and supported by local clamor, it is difficult for the weight of administration or the merits of the measure itself to overcome. What measure of national advantage could prevail on the individuals of whom parliament is composed to sacrifice a million and a half of their own private property for the public benefit? * * *

The borough objection may be removed at once by pecuniary compensation; the county impediment, by giving a second member. The other three classes cannot be reconciled by any change in the distribution of the representation.

Lord Castlereagh then proceeds to enter into the details of his proposition, but with due deference to the British government. They, however, at once adopted the ideas of what the Duke of Portland calls this "very ingenious and interesting letter"—this "masterly outline." In a despatch to Lord Cornwallis, he gives up two members to the counties, which he hopes will restore him "the support of the independent and most respectable members of the house." On the boroughs he lucubrates thus:—

With respect to the borough proprietors, though I cannot subscribe to any proposal for increasing the number of representatives beyond one hundred at the utmost, and am not prepared to admit Lord Castlereagh's valuation of either English or Irish boroughs, I have no difficulty in authorizing your excellency to hold out the idea of compensation to all persons possessed of that species of property; and I do not scruple to advise that the compensation should be made upon a liberal principle. * * *

As to the lawyers, and those adventurers who were tempted to speculate in parliamentary politics by the cheapness of seats at the last general election, there can be no pretenders to compensation whom I should be less disposed, and, I should hope, it will be less necessary to consider, than both, particularly the last description of them.

As soon as the two descriptions of county inter-

ests are secured, of the practicability of which I have little doubt, and in which a considerable part of the third class, or borough proprietors, is necessarily included, there seems a most obvious and easy mode of settling the pretensions of the professional politicians, and, at the same time, an opportunity of giving an additional boon to all the borough proprietors. Your excellency will anticipate my meaning, and infer that I can allude to nothing but a dissolution of the present parliament; a step which, I should imagine, would be much approved by the public, and would be highly agreeable to such of the borough proprietors as would by that means be restored to the possession of their own natural weight and importance, and be completely relieved from the tyranny of those declaimers whom they unwarily [too cheaply!] brought into the House of Commons at the last general election.

The papers relating to the question of the Union, so far as it has as yet advanced, are curious and informing, not perhaps in generals, but in details. Pitt's first idea was liberal enough; though there would appear to be some doubts as to his intention of admitting the Romanists to parliament. He, however, had repeatedly to narrow his propositions, from the English and Irish pressure upon him. It is easy to censure the "tories;" but the blame rather lies upon the country. The great obstacle, no doubt, was George the Third; but there is as little doubt that the country agreed with him. This was shown at the dissolution in 1807; had an appeal been made to the country in 1829, it is probable that the decision would have been adverse; the payment of the priests which formed part of Pitt's plan, cannot even be carried now, when "the tories" are pretty well extinct; though a minister of Pitt's determination might perhaps force it upon the house and the country.

One point is clear, so far as the correspondence goes (November, 1799)—no pledge, or anything like a pledge, was held out to the Roman Catholics. The instructions from England were precise upon this point; the Irish government seem strictly to have obeyed them; and the Romanists themselves distinctly disavowed any promise, almost any hope of the sort; some of them making the absence of a settlement the ground of opposition or complaint. Indeed, it would seem that clergymen of their church were indifferent to the matter. Dr. Troy, a Romanist archbishop, writes almost sneeringly upon the subject.

The very able speech of Mr. Pitt cannot fail to engage the opposers of union with Great Britain to consider the question dispassionately, and determine many of them in its favor. The Catholics have prudently resolved to abstain from any resolution, or declaration thereon, although many of them, especially in this city, are unfriendly to it. I did not attend at any of their late meetings, to consider of an address to the lord-lieutenant expressive of oyalty and their expectations of what is called *emancipation*. I think and have declared my opinion, that such a step, in the present circumstances, would only embarrass government, and rather indispose it against the Catholics. There are very many of this opinion. Whatever be the result of their next meeting on this point, I have good reason to expect

they will not call on the opposition members of parliament to move for emancipation, and hope I shall not be disappointed.

Unless it should be shown in the ensuing volumes that some more distinct promise was given upon the subject of future emancipation than yet appears, the story of the violated pledge must be classed among the other falsehoods of Irish history which inquiry is gradually exposing; and that the alleged reason of Pitt's resignation in 1801 was, as many of his friends thought at the time, a mere subterfuge.

A curious feature of the correspondence is the private negotiations, and how men cloaked their private objects, and not very skilfully, under the pretence of public motives. Lord Ely especially figures in this way. However, we will put aside these topics, for one more important—the sketch of the original idea of the union.

The Protestant establishment to be secured as by the articles of union with Scotland. Catholics to be eligible to all offices, taking the oath of 33 George III. c. 21; but quære as to their sitting in parliament.

The 150 places of representation in Ireland to be reduced to 100—viz., 50 from the 32 counties, and 18 from the most considerable cities and towns, one from each; and the remaining 50 from the other 100 places, two places choosing members either jointly or alternately. Quære, as to compensation, and how?

Thirty-two peers, six of them bishops.

Each country to remain separately charged for its own debt; and the present taxes of Ireland to remain applicable to her own internal civil and military establishments. The surplus might go to local improvements in agriculture, police, ecclesiastical institutions, &c.

If a plan of general contribution on all leading descriptions of income can be settled here, [in England,] it must be extended to Ireland. Future expenses will be provided for, as far as the contribution goes, in a just proportion, varying always with the means of each; and the interest of any part of the expenses supplied by loans, or any sums to be raised by other taxes, might be defrayed in the same proportion as that in which the contribution falls on each country. This, it is supposed, would be more just than imposing the same new or additional tax on identical articles, which, though nominally equal, might apply very differently in the two countries. The land-tax would of course make a part of a general tax on income.

Intercourse between the two countries to be duty free, except as far as to countervail a difference in internal or import-duties.

Tithes need not be settled by the union; but it is thought to be essential, for the peace of Ireland and the improvement of both countries, that something should be done respecting them; and it is suggested that the principle of the redemption of the land-tax should be extended, under proper regulations, to tithes. This should be accompanied by a competent provision for a reasonable number of Catholic clergy.

Although the United Irishmen had far more excuse for their treason, and greater hopes for its success than those of the present day, and a few,

as Tone, had more stuff in them, some men of '98 appear to have been as weak, as vain, and as incapable as the wildest Young Irelander. General Napper Tandy, once more celebrated than Mitchel or "Meagher of the Sword," is thus described by a spy, who accompanied him on a voyage to Ireland in a privateer, with some French officers, artillerymen, and arms.

With respect to him, the French directory had little reliance on the great promises he made them. He promised to raise for them in Ireland a legion of 10,000 men; but they suspected his means of doing this, as well as the weakness and vanity of his disposition. Being importunate, the directory made him a general provisionally (*provisoirement*;) he pledged his head for the success of his proposition; but, to his woful experience, could not raise a single man, and had scarcely set his foot on Irish ground until obliged to make a precipitate retreat.

There were on board, besides Tandy, holding the rank of general, provisionally, from the French directory, Blackwell, educated under the Jesuits; but at the commencement of the French revolution, being able to proceed no further in that line, entered the army; and on the 14th July last got the command of a company of hussars; was shortly after made a colonel; and during the passage compelled Tandy to give him first the rank of adjutant-general and next that of general of brigade. This Blackwell had Tandy like a child in leading-strings. There was also on board General Ray, who was during the American war a sort of commissary-general among the Illinois Indians; a colonel of artillery, eight captains, a captain of hussars, and some inferior officers.

His [Tandy's] weakness appears very prominent in the following circumstance. He has got a few laced coats, which he is eternally overhauling and gazing on. The day he landed, for a few hours, on the Isle of Arran, at Rutland, he intoxicated himself to such a degree as to be incapable of getting to the boat.

During the action with the Tom, armed merchantman, he squatted on the deck, with a pint bottle of brandy, which he emptied twice.

The only thing in which I saw him imitate the man was, that he had put two eight-pound shot in his pockets, to leap overboard in case of striking to the English ship.

The French officers on board, all except General Ray, agreed in accusing Tandy of cowardice, imbecility, and wickedness, and wrote a letter of impeachment against him to the minister of marine. The names they gave him were "infame, imbécille, scélérat."

The Marquis of Londonderry has prefixed to the correspondence a memoir of his brother; in which he cursorily notes the events of his public career, but tells much less than might be gained from other sources. There is, however, a curious note from George the Third, after the duel with Canning, and some family anecdotes and particulars from the writer's own knowledge.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Spectator of 23th October says:

The *Daily News* vouches for the sound information in a letter from Miramichi, which declares that the

North American colonies, disgusted with the apathy of the colonial office, its utter ignorance of colonial feeling, and its indifference to colonial interests, are "now nearly ripe for annexation to the United States." "A variety of causes" are cited. The reduction of the duty on Baltic timber has destroyed the export of New Brunswick; the threatened repeal of the navigation laws "has closed most of our shipyards," and "in another year we [of New Brunswick] shall be in an equally bankrupt condition with the West Indies." "Proofs of the altered feeling are given. The reëmigrants westwards from New Brunswick manifestly increase in numbers. Canada has sent two members of council to negotiate a commercial treaty with the United States; and a similar step is proposed in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island has offered its ports, on a stipulated payment of one dollar per ton, to the ships of the United States, for the St. Lawrence fisheries—a proposal which two years ago would have drawn upon the suggester the punishment of being "flayed alive." Beginning with these commercial alliances, the colonies "will be absorbed in the Union much more quickly and readily than Texas."

From the Spectator of 2d Oct.

THE COMING WINTER.

An ominous portent of the coming winter has appeared in the ministerial evening journal—an elaborate effort to show that in the economical prospect "there is nothing to justify apprehension, but much to inspire confidence and hope."

The materials of hope collected by the *Globe* are briefly these. The ascertained results of the harvest at home and abroad promise a moderate price of bread; wheat is now 53s. 4d.; at the same period in 1847 it was about the same; in 1846, nearly 60s., and rising; in 1845, about 58s.; in 1844, a very abundant year, 45s. Nearly every article of food, butcher's meat excepted, is lower than the average of preceding years; especially sugar, coffee, and tea. The raw materials of our manufactures are low in price; stocks are rather larger than the average. "The low prices," we are assured in a passage more cheerful than intelligible, "may be attributed in part to diminished use and demand; but this they tend strongly to correct by offering larger profits to the manufacturer." It is true that our exports show a monthly deficiency, to France alone, of 600,000l.; but, argues the *Globe*, as the same cause that stops trade abroad, the European convulsion, sends travellers home and foreigners hither for refuge, our internal trade, it is to be presumed, has increased; and the increase of the excise and customs revenue shows an increasing consumption. The money-market exhibits a very unusual condition—

The current rate of interest, on good security, cannot be stated at more than from 3½ to 4 per cent. Approved commercial bills are discounted freely at 3 per cent., and even less; and the brokers hesitate to give so much as 2 per cent. for money "at call." But what were considered good securities in past years are hardly considered so now; as the following comparison will show.

	1844. Oct. 25.	1846. Oct. 23.	1848. Oct. 23.
Bank Stock, 7 per cent.,	203	206½	183
Consols,	100	95	84½
Exchequer Bills, . . . 72s. prem.		15s. prem.	38s. prem.

Exchequer bills, in 1844, bore interest at 1½d. per cent. per diem; in 1846, at the same rate; and now bear 2d. and 2½d.

In October, 1844, the current rate of discount on first-class bills was about the same as it is now. In October, 1846, it was slightly higher, but scarcely exceeded 3 per cent. It is therefore obvious that the relation of commercial securities to those of a more permanent nature, in the estimation of capitalists, has been materially altered.

Railway securities may be regarded as exceptional.

Our hopeful contemporary winds up with a crescendo—

With the prices of food and materials of manufacture low, and capital for commercial purposes seeking employment, we may justly expect that the injuries our trade has sustained from the reverses of the last three years will be repaired as rapidly as the political troubles of our neighbors on the continent will permit; and that the condition of the people will from this time forward be improved. The Irish convulsion is over; and we may trust that if a demand is made upon us this year for aid for her people, the burden will be comparatively light, as the crops appear to be much larger than for several years past. And finally, it is now evident that the revenue for the year will be more productive than was anticipated.

Be not deceived; this is not the way to meet the season of difficulty—with representations elaborately delusive. If we need evidence of the difficulties that await us, we have it even in these hopeful illusions; for they will not bear a second glance without showing the rottenness beneath. Let the reader revise them with us. Every beam of light has its deep cast shadow.

Prices of provisions and manufacturing materials are low; which is good for the consumer, but how for the producer? Coffee, for instance, is "cheap"—and Ceylon merchants suffer. Sugar is "cheap;" but it has not been made so by the legitimate process of greater abundance through diminished cost of production; it is a cheapness enforced under competition with foreign sugar grown on unequal terms; and if it causes a temporary convenience to the consumer, to the British producer it means ruin—to commercial firms it means bankruptcy. We had plenty of that "cheap sugar" a year ago; are we to have more of it this winter?

Again, raw materials are cheap, partly from "diminished use and demand;" and yet they "offer larger profits to the manufacturer." Larger profits in a declining trade? And the trade is declining, not only in raw materials, but in manufactured goods. Many of the manufacturers in Lancashire, besides their own proper troubles, have multiplied difficulties by becoming deeply involved in railways. Great exporting houses do not now receive their returns as they do in ordinary years. The export trade is paralyzed for

want of purchasers and of confidence on the continent. Our own information tells us that manufacturers and exporters look to the coming season with alarm. And if travellers and foreigners are driven to this country, do refugees lavish their scanty cash in large store of clothing; or do merchants with goods returned upon their hands continue to buy for their own families as they were wont? No; a great part of the foreign trade is expunged—the British manufacturer has been manufacturing in vain.

Trade checked means diminished employment: the working man has been toiling in vain, for the channel of mutual interchange between the loom and the plough has been cut off, and he may eat his weft. Numbers will be out of work this winter, and that means pauperism. Nor does it forebode a mere passing trouble. "The injuries our trade has sustained will be repaired as rapidly"—as rapidly as what?—"as rapidly as the political troubles of our continental neighbors will permit." We believe it. As Mr. O'Connell would have said, "Thank ye for nothing." The difficulty will be over when Europe is quiet again: till that day checked trade for England—chronic pauperism.

"The Irish convulsion is over"—and the prostrate exhaustion follows; food is more plentiful, but the people are poorer and more helpless.

Railway securities are exceptional. We have been cautioned by other writers not to fear too terrible a pressure of railway calls on account of the £130,000,000 outstanding; but railway calls there will be—that is, more private insolvency; although railway companies will largely suspend the construction of additional lines—more labor out of work. But these stern measures are rendered necessary by the excessive depreciation of railway property—more insolvency among shareholders.

The condition of the money-market is unusual; money is redundant, yet business is slack; in the lack of confidence, people are alike reluctant to borrow or to invest.

A proper spirit for a time of straitened means is gaining ground, and families are driven to habits of stricter parsimony; that is, diminished consumption—more bankruptcy for retail traders.

The chill season, then, comes on with every prospect of commerce stagnant, our manufacturing population in want, Ireland begging at her utmost, railways swallowing up money and disgoring less, economy itself lending a hand to tighten the screw, and trade thoroughly frozen by protracted panic.

"Free trade!" cries the protectionist; "behold its consequences." No;—behold the consequences of revolution, of bungling sentimentalism, and overtrading. It is free trade that gives the only support we have in the trouble, a guarantee of bread at moderate rates; free trade that offers one channel for further help, in the commerce between manufacturing England and food-growing countries.

However caused, whether by calamities abroad or errors of our own, there are the difficulties—there the sullen lightnings that begin to play in the dark cloud of coming winter. But where there are forethought, courage, and diligence, there are hope and safety. Knowing our dangers, we are not so helpless but what we can meet them. Let us then not avert our look, but fix it upon them; plant our feet firmly, hold by the wheel, and trust a steady eye, a bold heart, and a stout, active arm, to meet every breaker as it strikes us with the English habit of surmounting.

There are cures for every ill—every danger has its own expedient; even those calamities we cannot avert we can mitigate. The certainty of pauperism in our densely-peopled districts will spur Sir George Grey and Mr. Charles Buller to be ready with measures of precaution—to extend relief with the wisest economy and the safest checks. Local bodies will stand ready to aid in carrying out an effective administration of relief measures; and it will be well to begin in some way the enforcement of the needful distinction between the truly destitute and the vagrant—the robber of the destitute. It is to be done, and it ought to be done when every penny will be needed for the hungry and naked. Ireland's demand will be foreseen by Lord Clarendon and his colleagues in Whitehall; her necessities will be met more wisely for the experience of the past. The railway world will be aided in arranging its difficulties at the least expense and mischief. If employment can be stimulated healthfully, so much the better. Already, we see, it is reported that the court is to antedate its "season," and to begin next month; every little helps. It is too late to save the fallen merchants of 1847-8, too soon to restore British commerce by pacifying Europe; but our ministers will see that the paths of our trade are kept open throughout the world; they will consider what great measures can serve both colonies and mother-country; and they will cultivate traffic with those countries that offer the opportunities of peace and the profit of appropriate exchanges. In all respects, government will seek, by a firm, simple, direct, and steadfast policy, to impart that confidence which springs from seeing that public affairs are guided with honesty and power. We presume that all these things will be done, because we cannot conceive than any set of public men would dare to face the coming winter unless they were strengthened by wise and vigorous councils. To great countries the time of great difficulty is the time when great measures have their beginning; we know that the coming winter will put England to her mettle, and know therefore that she must be guided by no timid or unskilful minister.

From the Boston Courier.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

EVERY reader is familiar with the story of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, and the singular circumstances which led to the formation of a settlement

on Pitcairn's Island, where the patriarch John Adams taught a community of South Sea Islanders to live in Arcadian simplicity and virtuous bliss. Within a few years some reports have prevailed which indicated an unfavorable change in the condition of these interesting people. But we are gratified to find that these are without foundation, and that the simple-hearted islanders still maintain their innocent manners, and happy ignorance of luxury and vice. There seems to be one spot in the world where the benefits of civilization prevail without any of its evils. The following is the most recent description of the Pitcairn community. It is furnished by Captain Worth of the British ship *Calypso*, who visited the island in March of the present year. The old sailor's eyes appear to have quite run over at the sight of such a picture of happiness:—

I never was so gratified by such a visit, and would rather have gone there than to any part of the world. They are the most interesting, contented, moral, and happy people that can be conceived. Their delight at our arrival was beyond anything. The comfort, peace, strict morality, industry, and excessive cleanliness and neatness that were apparent about everything around them, was really such as I was not prepared to witness. Their learning and attainments in general education and information, were really astonishing. All dressed in English style. The men a fine race, and the women and children very pretty, and their manners really of a superior order, and smiling and joyous. Crime appears to be unknown, and if there is really true happiness on earth it is theirs.

The island is romantic and beautiful, the soil of the richest description, yielding almost every tropical fruit and vegetable—in short it is a little paradise.

I examined their laws, added a few to them, assembled them all in the church and addressed them, saying how gratified I was to find them in the happy state they were; advising them to follow in the steps of virtue and rectitude they had hitherto done, and they would never want the sympathies of their countrymen, the English, who were most interested about them. I added such advice as I thought useful, and such suggestions as would, of course, be for their advantage.

It was really affecting to see these primitive and excellent people, both old and young, 140 in the whole, looking up to me and almost devouring all I said, with eager attention, and with scarcely a dry eye among them; and, "albeit unused to the melting mood," I found a moisture collecting in my own eyes which I could scarcely restrain, they were so grateful, so truly thankful for all the kindnesses that had from time to time been shown them, and the interest in their welfare shown by us and our countrymen. I had all the men and most of the women on board, but there was such a sea that the poor girls were dreadfully sea-sick. I fired some guns and let off rockets on the night of our departure; and they returned the compliment by firing an old honey-combed gun belonging to the *Bounty*.

I set them completely up; gave them 100 lbs. of powder, ensign and union jack, casks of salt beef and pork, implements of agriculture of all kinds, clothes, books, &c., and sailed on the evening of the 11th for Tahiti.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 2d Nov., 1848.

As yet, there are but three republican governments (so called) in Europe—Switzerland, France and Venice. Of France, you can judge. The dictatorship has been renewed in Venice; one of its first measures was a decree that all citizens possessing gold and silver utensils should deposit them in the mint to be melted into coin for the public treasury. Death, the penalty. We entertained hopes that the Swiss would remain quiet and orderly; but radicalism has excited serious disturbances at Geneva, and the clerical, or ultra Catholic party attempted a revolution at Fribourg. The refractory bishop was spirited away by the authorities, much in the manner that the late King of Prussia caused the prelate of Cologne to be carried off. Fribourg has been restored to order by the intervention of the troops of Berne and Vaud. The federal and national system can alone be the salvation of Switzerland; it is the only unity by which Germany can be tranquillized and rendered prosperous.

We learn from the London papers that the insurrection against the British rule in the island of Ceylon has been crushed, though not without considerable effusion of native blood. The Dutch wage perpetual hostilities in some parts of Java and the Eastern Archipelago generally. I am struck with an article of the London Times of the 30th Oct., entitled *Situation of Austria*. Here is an instructive extract:—

It is clear that in this struggle no pretence of liberty or right remains to the party who have grossly abused the concessions made to them. The emperor still recognizes the liberal concessions made in March and May, and the constitutional reforms already legally effected; but nothing can be more opposed to the establishment of any form of constitutional government than the destructive excesses which have marked the whole conduct of the revolutionary party in Austria. Those who had been most earnest in promoting the tardy progress of reform, and in restoring the ancient institutions of the empire to greater activity and freedom, were the first to recoil from the vile passions and the anti-social delusions which had been spread amongst the people. By surprise, by violence, and by the cowardice or treachery of the citizens of Vienna, those revolutionary principles succeeded, at the instigation of the Hungarians, and under the protection of a portion of the diet, in getting possession of the capital. From that moment it became the paramount duty of the emperor's ministers and of the army to march upon Vienna, just as we saw in June last the national guards of the French departments flock to Paris, prepared to contest the triumph of the red republic. Anarchy may prevail in a city at times, when proper measures of police are viewed with excessive jealousy, and the middle classes themselves follow a wavering line of conduct. But the resources of such a rebellion are contemptible in the field and must yield to the pressure of military control. Such a war, therefore, cannot be protracted, but even if the resistance were infinitely greater, the alternative of civil war itself is preferable to a base and inani-

mate submission to the despotism of a sanguinary rabble and the preposterous demands of a people armed for the destruction of society itself. The extraordinary victories won in the spring of this year by the sudden energy of the populace were, as we said at the time, the result of a feeble defence rather than of an irresistible attack. The troops everywhere exasperated by a defeat which they had not deserved and justly attributed it to the irresolution of their political superiors. It was easy to foresee that at no distant period they would take their revenge, and restore the natural and established authority of the public forces, on which the public security of all countries depends. In Paris that battle has been fought once, and will probably be fought again. In Frankfort the German republicans received a severe lesson on the 18th of September. At Vienna, where the revolution has raised its standard on a vast and threatening scale, the imperial government has now asserted its rights, and is prepared to enforce them. We applaud these results, because we are satisfied that the restoration and maintenance of lawful authority is the first condition for the exercise of liberty itself, and the first step to the recovery of that tranquillity and prosperity from which Europe has deviated so far.

Half the continent is subject to *terrorism*. Where revolutions have occurred, a large majority of all the classes of any substance and character have remained hostile to the extreme changes and extreme parties. In Germany and Italy, as well as in France, the republicans and the anarchists are very small minorities; they have prevailed, so far, by sudden blows, desperate audacity, and despotic violence, and by the rottenness of the old institutions and the general sense of the propriety and necessity of fundamental reforms. In Spain, a republican revolution is not essayed; it would be wholly unintelligible for the mass of the nation; *Carlism* is understood and felt; it acts, however, merely by bands of insurgents and partisan chiefs that make no effective impression on the country or on the government. If the pretender, or the progressists, should succeed, they would be lavish of professions in favor of free or liberal institutions; but they could maintain themselves by arbitrary and military rule alone.

Last year's committee of the Academy of Sciences announced that a gold medal of the value of twelve hundred francs would be accorded to the work on Comparative Philology which should appear to it the best among the prize-compositions. Nine memoirs were sent in, some printed, some manuscript. At the recent public meeting of the five academies, the successful one, (third in order,) manuscript, written at Nitchin, Hertfordshire, England, 1847, is entitled *Researches in Philosophical and Comparative Philology*, chiefly with reference to the languages of Central Asia. The committee say of it: "This production is not strictly logical throughout, but it is remarkable for the author's profound knowledge of the languages of that part of Asia, and for the new relations between them which he has ascertained and shown." We may applaud the impartiality of the committee, as six of the memoirs are French per-

formances. At the same sitting, Bourrouf read an excellent paper on the deep *solidarity* of the sciences, letters and arts, that is—the universal agreement or harmony of human studies and attainments. Leverrier spoke of the gigantic unity of the creation, that which eternally carries millions of worlds from the east to the west, through the immensity of space. The report of the sitting of Monday, treating of the affinity of chloric gas and hydrogen, and of the phenomena connected with their mixture, celebrates the discovery of the American savant, Dr. Draper, and the general brilliancy of his lectures. M. Jules Rossignon—recently arrived from Guatemala—exhibited five specimens of maize, or Indian corn, of a particular species, of which he represented “the alimentary preparation” as superior to that of all other sorts, particularly in respect to purification. The flour is perfectly white, and the bread of agreeable flavor, with not the least sour taste. The attention of the French government is called to it, from the belief that it may be acclimated either in France or Algeria. Curious dissertations and experiments on *milk* are mentioned. Quevenne has devised instruments for measuring the quantities of milk, and determining the proportions of cream which it contains. From the various analyses to which Reiset has subjected cows’ milk, it appears that the milk taken at the end of the milking is richer than that of the beginning. Milk is richer when taken from the animal in full pasture than after she has passed the night in the stable without food. It is prescribed that, in milking, the portions last drawn should be reserved for churning. Twice as much butter may be thus made with the same quantity of milk.

The single town of Charleville has just received from the French ministry of war an order for ten thousand guns with percussion locks. At the recent Italian Congress at Turin, there was but one cry—war—war. How different this, and all that passes in Europe, from the burden of the harangues and resolutions of the peace-congress at Brussels! Elihu Burritt makes a figure on the columns of the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. A teacher of French, “Professor at the Sorbonne,” has placarded them, with an address in English, in large characters, in which he informs all American citizens that he “furnished their celebrated countryman, Elihu Burritt, with the principles and practice of French pronunciation.” Another placard is addressed to the English, by Monsieur Surgis, *maitre de boxe*; gives lessons daily. There is another, spread everywhere, which equally excites a smile. The questors of the National Assembly offer to the highest bidder a contract for the supply of *hats* for all the persons employed by that body, for *five* years. Few of the readers can think that any assembly will reach the end of that term. The affair is, probably, a job.

On Thursday evening last, I accompanied my family and several representatives to the grand

soirée of the president of the National Assembly. The suite of apartments in which Monsieur Marrast is lodged is, perhaps, the most magnificent in Europe. Mr. Rush, whom I met in one of them, expressed this opinion to me. There are five spacious salons, with the loftiest ceilings—hung with valuable paintings—splendidly gilt—arabesque decorations, gorgeous lustres, wax tapers innumerable—a continuous blaze of lustre and embellishment:—you might suppose yourself in the palace of an Eastern sultan. The republican speaker stood near the door of the second hall to welcome his troops of guests; he was dressed in the best drawing-room fashion, and Madame Marrast sat, near, on a sofa, in elegant toilette, simply nodding to the groups as they entered, and wearing a very grave face that never relaxed. She is an Englishwoman. The concert-room is of great length, with cushioned benches and brilliant illumination. The company must have been three or four thousand. In general, the sex present did not, certainly, shine by beauty, grace, or taste in costume. It seemed a motley assemblage, though not half so *democratic* as President Cavaignac’s levee. The general lolled on a divan, at a small distance from the station of the host; he was not in uniform; he did not appear to be freely approached. His hard and lank visage was strikingly contrasted with the rubicund and jolly face of the Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, who chatted with the new archbishop, a small man, of a most benevolent aspect. The two prelates and others of the clergy had dined with Mr. Speaker Marrast, and did not quit the soirée until the dancing commenced—after the concert, which, by the way, proved sadly inferior to what had been provided on former occasions. The Assembly had roundly denied to the speaker an addition of six thousand francs per month to the four thousand originally allotted. He retrenched, therefore, on the music and the refreshments. The advocates of his demand, in the Assembly, argued that costly and sumptuous entertainments were a public benefit, by occasioning the employment of trades-people and the diffusion of money. Marrast, once a precisian in the republican school, is quite inclined to afford the capital all the advantages of modish luxury. In the debate, he was reminded of the articles which, as editor of the *National*, he wrote against the enormous allowance to the president of the chamber of deputies—Sauzet—exactly the amount which he now claimed as indispensable for doing the honors in the palace just decorated anew in a style of additional effulgence.

The archbishop, Sibour, talked to me earnestly of Archbishop Cheverus, so respectfully or reverentially remembered in Boston; of Bishop Dubourg, admired, of yore, in Baltimore, Georgetown, and New Orleans; and of Bishop Flajet, resident in Kentucky, and universally beloved; with all of whom—like myself—he had been well acquainted. This prelate (Sibour) has issued two pastoral epistles—one to the faithful laity, the

other to the clergy, of his diocese. The present, he thinks, is fraught with anxiety; the future appalling; a new paganism, a new barbarism, rushing from the depths of society, threatens the civilized and Christian world, as the old heathenism invaded and perverted mankind. He denounces socialism, to which atheists, anarchists, libertines, and desperadoes of every description, now cling as their engine of disorder, cupidity, ambition, and universal subversion. The journals of socialism, the speeches and toasts at its banquets, the characters of most of its oracles and allies, fully warrant this pastoral anathema. A league of all Christians, patriots, and men of order and morality, is invoked for the common safety. The archbishop asserts the freedom of public instruction and the right of religious association. President Cavaignac exchanged a few sentences with me: one of them—"You have there (in the United States) a true republic—*une véritable république*." The *Moniteur* of the army furnishes a detailed biography of this personage. He was born at Paris, on the 15th October, 1802; entered, at eighteen, the Polytechnic school, where he completed his scientific military education; he passed to the corps of engineers; he served gallantly in the French expedition to Greece; spent sixteen years (with the intermission of a few months only) in arduous commands in Algeria; bore the highest character for probity, courage, skill, and professional acquirements.

The instalments of Chateaubriand's Posthumous Memoirs are continued in the feuilleton of the *Journal La Presse*. So far they do not answer my expectations. His affectations, occurring at every turn, of distress at all the stages and vicissitudes of his existence, are offensive or tiresome, and I may add, sinful, for few men have been more favored on the whole by Providence. When the welfare which we have experienced through a long life exceeds the amount of our suffering; when we have been privileged in condition, qualities and enjoyments, beyond millions even of our own country, it is ingratitude and contumacy to lament and repine. I enclose for you, a version of Chateaubriand's paragraphs concerning his parentage and boyhood, which you will use, if you should deem them worth the space. The writer of the articles in the Review, on his biography, of which I heretofore gave you some account, having been charged with literary piracy, has appeared in the newspapers with the following statements. "I declare that it was with the formal assent of M. de Chateaubriand, through the intimacy with which he honored me for eight years, that I penned during his life, and in a manner under his eyes, the articles published after his death. There are merely some modifications, befitting the dismal circumstances under the impression of which the publication was made. I aver that the manuscript was confided to me for many months by M. de Chateaubriand himself, to facilitate the preparation of this *compte rendu* which was to appear during his life. If my performance did not

come forth earlier, the blame attaches to the tardiness and hesitation resulting from extreme solicitude to execute worthily my precious task." As, in these articles, panegyric on author and man is as fervent, comprehensive and lofty as possible, the modesty of the viscount may be readily appreciated.

We have the number of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 1st November, yesterday. A large portion of the contents is instructive and otherwise valuable. The second article treats of the Dutch East Indies, copiously. The reviewer, a master of his subject, enters into the geography and statistics, history and administration, and general colonial importance and productiveness of those large possessions. He does not overlook the controversy with England. He estimates the native population subject to the power of Holland at fifteen or sixteen millions: Java has a mass from eight to nine millions, "prosperous and happy." These eastern colonies, so far from being a pecuniary burden to the mother-country, have, for many years past, yielded to her public exchequer, from eight to ten millions of francs, net balance. They employ nineteen hundred Dutch functionaries, and are economically administered. The resources of Java are immense. The Malay population are more and more disposed to welcome European manufactures; those of France have a peculiar chance of success. Count d'Haussonville concludes, in this number of the Review, his extensive and elaborate paper on the external policy of France since 1830. The original materials to which he was allowed access impart a lively interest to various topics—that, for instance, of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his unfortunate and exemplary widow. All that has been disclosed of late, whether in this able survey, or in Tachereau's shameful publication, does credit rather than harm to the memory of Louis Philippe's government, on the score of moderation, sense, and national sentiment. It is my intention to take, before the end of the year, Tachereau's *livraisons*, which have reached the 29th, as the subject of an ample chapter. They afford many quotations proper to interest all readers of history, affecting the men and events of our own extraordinary times. The count observes—"Our present government, the revolutionary, proclaims that it does not rely upon the dispositions of cabinets, but on the sympathies of the nations. Where have such sympathies been displayed? No republic has yet been created after our image. There will be none. The scenes and transactions at home have disgusted the foreign world. We are like the Helots made drunk, in order to keep sober the children of the Spartans. We have no real allies anywhere. Our rulers since February have courted a good understanding and close concert with the English cabinet; but is not Lord Palmerston the same statesman whom we came to know too well a few years since; is he not now playing everywhere a double game—Italy, Germany,

Spain, Greece?" An article on *Commercial Crises, and Freedom of Banking*, by Charles Coquelin, occupies, suitably and beneficially, about thirty-four pages. It abounds with pertinent facts, and deals, of course, largely, with American and British doctrine and experience, besides the French. The writer concludes that, by freedom of banking and every kind of commercial and monetary association and partnership, and this alone, France can repair the ruins of her trade and industry, and thrive considerably more than at any previous epoch. He cites the most celebrated and authoritative British writings on his subject—those of Tooke, Lloyd, Torrens and Wilson, adding, "But an American author, Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, already known by excellent works, seems to me, in all this matter, and especially in the investigation of causes and effects, to have succeeded better than the English inquirers. Already, in 1838, he had, in his book—*The Credit System in France, Great Britain and the United States*—clearly shown the primary cause of the perturbations, recurring almost periodically, in commerce and currency, and that cause was the same in France and England." Even the London Athenæum concedes that much is to be learnt from Mr. Carey's later volume.

It would be difficult to discover, in the annals of all deliberative bodies, proceedings more singular and fantastical than those of our National Assembly in relation to the election of president of the republic. Every one understood that a considerable majority had decided to postpone that critical measure until after the organic laws were framed, which term might be in the spring or summer. Intense anxiety prevailed on the subject. There was a nice calculation of chances for Napoleon Louis and General Cavaignac, according to the dates. Count Molé on Friday entered the tribune for the first time, and delivered an irrefragable series of reasons against the plan of decreeing the election even before the constitution was finally voted, and, stranger still, a reduction of the powers granted to the president in that instrument. The practical solecism was apparent. But General Cavaignac followed with an urgent remonstrance against delay, on the ground of extreme public danger of which he would not even share the responsibility. The Assembly yielded, in a sort of hurry and trepidation; the election was fixed for the 10th and 11th of next month, December, and the result cannot be certainly known or officially declared in Paris before the 20th, or, possibly, Christmas. Cavaignac and Napoleon Louis are now the principal candidates. A passionate and far spreading canvass is begun. *La Presse*, a journal of unsurpassed circulation and wonderful vigor and fertility, is enlisted for Napoleon. The *Constitutionnel*, organ of Thiers and the old *centre gauche*, will not declare against him—shadows out in favor, on the contrary—and tells us that the information which it receives from the provinces induces it to believe in his triumph. I have difficulty in conceiving the possibility of such a consummation; yet the impression becomes daily

more and more general in this capital. The London Times says aptly—

Can it hereafter be related of that keen and sagacious people, the French, that, after having aspired to frame a commonwealth worthy to be ranked with those of Pericles and Washington, the French republic fell to the level of Louis Bonaparte? That to vest an undeserved power in those contemptible hands France has been ruined, Europe distracted, and the barriers of civilization and peace well nigh broken up! "These be thy gods, O Israel!" and there is no idolatry so base and degrading that it may not obtain a superstitious hold on a people which has abandoned its established principles, and lost its faith.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, in its able political chronicle, brought down to the 31st October, surrenders the point in a paroxysm of despair, though it labors to bring about a joint effort of the liberals of the old school, and of all moderate and patriotic voters, in behalf of Marshal Bugeaud, whom it would now prefer to Cavaignac. It reprobates this general's see-sawing between the good and bad parties, and the pressure which he has exercised on the Assembly. It predicts the worst consequences from the success of Napoleon. The discussions of the budget, in the Assembly, within the few days past, merit more notice than my leisure will allow me to bestow before the mail-hour. The committee of the house on the finances could devise only nine millions of retrenchment on an annual expenditure of seventeen hundred millions francs. Next year, the receipts cannot be expected to exceed thirteen hundred millions, and new taxes and loans will be out of the question; a deficit of some hundreds of millions must be faced. Stable government, internal order, and peace abroad are the only securities.

RANDOM EXTRACT FROM CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

(Translated for the Living Age.)

MY PARENTAGE.—M. de Chateaubriand (my father) was tall and slender; he had an aquiline nose, pale thin lips, eyes sunken but piercing, of a bluish grey, like those of a lion; I never saw a look like his; when he was in a passion the pupil appeared, not only to flash, but to stand out from the eye as if it would strike like a ball. One passion swayed my father—that of the pride of *name*. His usual state of mind was that of profound sadness, which increased with age, and a silent manner which only left him when he was angered. Miserly, in the hope of restoring his family to their ancient splendor; haughty in the states of Brittany with the gentry; severe with his vassals; reserved, despotic and threatening in his family; to behold him was to fear him. If he had lived till the Revolution, and if he had been then young, he would have filled an important part, or have been murdered in his castle. He certainly had genius, and I do not doubt, if he had been placed at the head either of civil administration or the army, he would have proved an extraordinary man. It was after his return from America that he thought of marrying. Born on 23d September, 1718, he married at thirty-five, on 3d July, 1753, Apollonia-Jane-Susan de Bedée, born 7th April, 1726, the daughter of the Count de Bedée, lord of Bouetardis. They established them-

selves where they were born, within a few miles of each other, so that they could see from their dwelling the horizon under which they both came into the world. My mother was endowed with talents and strong imagination; had been brought up to study Fenelon, Racine, Madame de Sevigné, and to listen to the anecdotes of the court of Louis 14th; she knew all Cyrus by heart. She had large features, was dark, small, and ugly; the elegance of her manners and the vivacity of her disposition, were a strong contrast to the sternness and composure of my father. Loving society as much as he liked solitude, petulant and animated while he was immovable and cold, she had not a single taste that was not contrary to those of her husband. The constant opposition she experienced rendered her melancholy—light and gay as she naturally was. Obligated to be silent when she wished to talk, she indemnified herself by a sort of noisy sadness mingled with sighs, which alone disturbed the mute gloom of my father. For compassion, my mother was an angel.

I was the last of ten children, and was born 11th October, 1769, at St. Malo. The house wherein my parents then lived was in a dark, narrow street, called *La Rue des Juifs*, the street of the Jews; this house is now an inn. The chamber in which my mother was confined commands a view of the walls of the town; beyond them you see the ocean as far as the eye can reach. I had for my godfather, my brother; and for godmother, the Countess de Plouer, daughter of the Marshal de Contades. The roar of the waves, swelled by a sudden squall, announced the approach of the autumnal equinox, and prevented my cries being heard, so that I was thought still-born. I have often listened to these details—their sadness has never been effaced from my memory. There is scarcely a day that, in recalling what I have been, I do not see in my mind's eye the rock upon which I was born; the chamber where my mother inflicted life on me; the tempest whose noise rocked me first to sleep; the unfortunate brother who gave me a name that I have almost always borne through misfortune. Heaven seemed to reunite all these circumstances to place in my cradle an image of my destiny. In leaving the bosom of my mother I suffered my first exile; they banished me to Plancouet, a pretty village situated between Dinan, St. Malo, and Lamballe. The only brother of my mother, the Count de Bedée, had built near it the castle of Monchoix. The lands of my maternal grandmother extended from its environs as far as the town of Corseul, the *Curiosities* of the *Commentaries of Caesar*. My grandmother, long a widow, lived with her sister in a hamlet, separated from Plancouet by a bridge, which was called the Abbey, on account of an abbey of Benedictines consecrated to Our Lady of Nazareth.

My first nurse proving incapable of furnishing me with sufficient nourishment, another poor Christian took me to her breast. She consecrated me to the patroness of the hamlet, Our Lady of Nazareth, and promised that, in her honor, I should wear blue and white until I was seven years old. I had lived but a few hours, and the weight of time was already marked on my forehead. Why did they not let me die? It pleased God, however, to grant to the prayers of innocent obscurity the prolongation of a life threatened with an empty renown. This vow of the good peasant of Brittany is not of our age; it was, however, a touching idea, that a celestial mother should be placed between the babe and

heaven, and participate in the cares of the terrestrial parent. At the end of three years I was brought back to St. Malo; seven years had elapsed since my father had recovered the lands of Combours, and he desired to return to the estate where his ancestors had lived and died. When I returned to St. Malo he was at Combours, my brother at college at St. Brieuc; my four sisters were with my mother, whose affections seemed centred in her eldest son; not that she did not love her other children, but she evinced a blind preference for the young Count de Combours. I had, it is true, as a boy, the youngest, the *chevalier* as I was called, some privileges over my sisters, but definitely I was turned over to the servants. My mother, as I before observed, who was full of talent and goodness, was preoccupied by the cares of company and the duties of her religion. The Countess de Plouer, my godmother, was her intimate friend; she associated also with the relations of Maupertuis and the Abbe Trublet. She loved politics and disputation, for they talked politics a great deal at St. Malo. From these discussions she brought home a grumbling temper, absent thoughts, and a spirit of parsimony which prevented us from acknowledging, at first, her admirable qualities. Possessing a great deal of method herself, her children were, nevertheless, brought up without order; though really generous, she had all the appearance of avarice; with true gentleness of soul, she was always scolding; my father was the terror of his domestics; my mother their plague.

From this character of my parents I derive the traits of my early life. I attached myself to the woman who had the charge of me, an excellent creature, called La Villeneuve, whose name I write with a feeling of gratitude that fills my eyes with tears. She was a sort of superintendent of the establishment, and she carried me about in her arms, slyly giving me all the nice things she could find, wiping away my tears, kissing me, and then putting me in the corner:—taking me out of it and muttering to herself, "He is one who will never be proud! such a good head as he has! He will never despise poor people! Here, little boy"—and then she stuffed me with sugar and wines.

My childish affection for Villeneuve, was soon superseded by a stronger one. Lucille, the fourth of my sisters, was two years my senior; a neglected younger sister, her wardrobe was composed of the leavings of her elders. Figure to yourself a little girl, very thin and tall of her age, with long arms and an awkward tottering gait, excessively shy, speaking with difficulty, and who could learn nothing, wearing a dress which looked as if borrowed from a person twice her size, her neck enclosed in a collar of iron trimmed with brown velvet, her hair scraped up on the top of her head and tied together with a toque of black stuff, and you have the portrait of the miserable little object I encountered on returning to the paternal roof. No one would have imagined, in looking at poor Lucille, the beauty and talent for which one day she was to become remarkable! She was given to me as a playmate; I did not abuse my power; instead of making her subservient to my will, I became her protector. We were both taken, every morning, to two old hump-backed sisters dressed in black, who taught children to read. Lucille read very ill, and I much worse. The old women scolded; I clawed them; great complaints were carried to my mother, and I was decided to be a good-for-nothing idle dog—or rather *an ass*.

These ideas entered the head of my parents; my father said that the Chevaliers de Chateaubriand had always been fighters, drunkards, and quarrelsome; my mother sighed and scolded at seeing the rents of my jacket. Child as I was, the observations of my father shocked me; and when my mother crowned her reproaches by the eulogy of my brother, whom she called a Cato, a hero, I felt disposed to do all the evil that they appeared to expect from me. My writing-master was not better pleased with me than my parents; he made me copy eternally, according to his own fashion, two lines, of which I have conceived a horror. He accompanied his reprimands with blows, which he gave me on my neck, calling me *thrush-head*. I do not know the meaning of the epithet, but I take it to be something frightful.

When I entered my seventh year my mother conducted me to Plancoet in order to be released from the vows of my nurse. We stopped at my grandmother's; if I have ever known happiness it was in this house. My grandmother occupied a house in the *Rue du Hamen*, the gardens of which sloped down to a valley where there was a fountain surrounded with willows. Madame de Bedée could not walk, but, except that, she had no other inconveniences of age; she was a charming old lady—fair, fat, neat, with a distinguished air and noble manners, wearing her dresses in the ancient full style, and a black lace cap tied under her chin. She had a cultivated mind, grave conversation, and serious character. She was attended by her sister, who resembled her in nothing save goodness; for the latter was small, thin, careless, talkative, and a great joker. She had loved the Count of Tremigon, who was to have married her; but he broke his promise. My aunt consoled herself in celebrating her love, for she was a poetess. I well recollect hearing her sing very *nasally*, and with her spectacles on her nose, at the same time embroidering cuffs for her sister, an apologue which begun thus—

A hawk loved a tom-tit,
And, as they say, she loved him;

which always appeared very odd to me, on the part of the hawk.

How many things in this world end like the love of my aunt in Ture Lure! My grandmother confided all the household cares to her sister. She dined at eleven o'clock; took a nap; waked at one; was carried to the lower end of the terrace under the willows, near the fountain, where she knit, surrounded by her sister, children and grandchildren. In those days old age was honored; now it is a burden. At four o'clock, my grandmother was carried back to the saloon; Peter, the manservant, put out the card-table; my aunt knocked with the tongs against the back of the chimney, and, a few moments after, we saw three other old maids enter from the next house. These three sisters were called Villedeneux, the daughters of a poor gentleman; instead of dividing their small inheritance they enjoyed it together; had never separated, and had never been out of their native village. Intimate, from childhood, with my grandmother, they came every day at the appointed signal to make up the party of quadrille. The game began; the good ladies quarrelled; it was the only event of their lives, the only moment that the evenness of their temper was ruffled. At eight o'clock supper restored calm. Often my uncle de Bedée, with his three daughters, supped with our grand-

mother. He told a thousand stories of old times, which made the old ladies shout with laughter. At nine o'clock the supper was ended; the servants came in; all fell on their knees, and my aunt said aloud the prayers for the evening. At ten o'clock everybody was asleep in the house.

From our Correspondent's Budget

The *Débats* says:—

There are two sorts of societies in which revolutions are easy: those which are tired of stability, and those which are tired of instability; those in which nothing has been changed for a long time, and those in which everything changes daily. Movement causes movement, as the wave drives on the wave. And that is where we are. Seeing nowhere a port, we demand of the waves to press and hasten on each other, in order that they may cast us somewhere, at the east or the west, the south or the north—it matters little where. We count on the wind more than on the compass. We have not the pretension not to feel like everybody this sceptical impatience which we signalize. We are sick of the universal malady, and do not pretend to have a remedy. What is then our hope in exposing the evil? Our hope is to cause the country to understand that, by the side of the sufferings which it owes to events, there are some also which it owes to its caprices and imprudence. It is a fine quality of the French character to throw itself, on the days of battle, in the thick of the fight, and to say that the result shall never be but what God may please. But that quality becomes a fault in politics. Bossuet, in his portrait of Cromwell, defined politics to be the art of taking from fortune all that can be taken by counsel and foresight; but *nous avons changé tout cela*; politics, on the contrary, are the art of rendering or giving all to fortune and to chance.

The *Presse*, in reply to an article of the *National*, boasting of the earnestness and energy with which it had for years labored to establish a republic, and taking credit for disinterestedness as regarded its own interests, says:—

Boast of it! Crown yourselves with laurel! Do not spare yourselves hymns! Spare them not, for it is doubtful whether France will echo them. France, gentlemen, has seen you at work and at the *curée*; at the *curée*, throwing yourselves on all places and all positions. At work, giving the world the spectacle of the most humiliating impuissance. At present it pleases you to be modest; but this false modesty will not deceive any one. You deny that it is you who have governed since the 24th February. As well deny evidence, as well deny that light exists at mid-day! Was it not you who, immediately after the 25th February, caused the governor-generalship of Algeria to be given to M. Cavaignac, major-general at Oran, without taking an account either of situations, or of the rights of General Changarnier, who was at Algiers! It was not sufficient, no doubt, to have thus given M. Cavaignac the governor-generalship of Algeria; was it not you who hastened to cause him to be nominated lieutenant-general? Was it not you who were never quiet until you caused him to come from Africa to place in his hands the portfolio of war! Was it not you who, by force of

manceuvres, succeeded in taking on June 24 the place of members of the executive commission, which you had coveted since the 24th February? Was it not you who, under the title of mayor of Paris, possessed yourselves of the post of the Hôtel de Ville, at that time the most important to occupy? Was it not you who successively succeeded in putting your hands on the ministry of finance, on the ministry of foreign affairs, on the ministry of justice, on the ministry of war, on all the important ministries, and finally on the presidency of the National Assembly? Between what hands, finally, are the two presidencies; the presidency of the republic and the presidency of the Assembly? Is not one of these presidencies in the hands of M. Cavaignac, the other in those of M. Marrast? What could you desire, what take more? Have you not taken all that you could take? Republic and dictatorship? By suppleness and tactics have you not succeeded in slipping between M. Lamartine and M. Ledru-Rollin, and in turning both of them out? In truth, you are too modest, gentlemen of the *National*! It is really you who govern, and we see that well! In making yourselves so modest, have you then arrived at the fatal extremity of having to dread the responsibility of the past and the severity of the future? It would be difficult in fact to cause in less time a greater injury to a greater country.

The *Presse* again advocates as follows the cause of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte:—

It is necessary to wrest the government of France from the *coterie* of the *National*, the *coterie* which is leading us to an abyss by the path of misery. It is necessary to prevent at every cost the bankruptcy of the state and the revolution of hunger. This necessity, every day more imperative, becomes every day more evident; this necessity explains how the candidature of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to the presidency, which at first had no serious chances of success, except in the poetical souvenirs of the peasant and the artisan, has all at once found unexpected coöperation and unforeseen adhesions. Political men, whose names have most authority, whose experience can be least contested, rally thereto; they understand that the election of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the only path of safety which the constitution has left open, by closing against the two branches of the house of Bourbon the two doors by which they can return; one, the elder branch by the *general wish*; the other, the younger by the *universal vote*; they understand that if there remain to France a means of setting aside the perils suspended over her, it is in causing the popular sentiment which carries the masses towards the heir of Napoleon, to serve in the reëstablishment of order, of credit, of labor, in the pacification of people's minds. There is no longer in France either government or liberty; who will restore them to us? Is it believed that it will be those who have destroyed them?—some in giving us up to anarchy, others in giving us up to arbitrary power, those two profiles of a face called impissance! M. Cavaignac is arbitrary power, M. Ledru-Rollin is anarchy. M. Ledru-Rollin draws down arbitrary power, as M. Cavaignac draws down anarchy. One is the precursor of the other. It is the flux and reflux of the revolutionary ocean. Arbitrary power is not distant when anarchy has arrived: anarchy is on the threshold when arbitrary power has entered. History is

there to prove it. How can this redoubtable alternative be escaped from? The constitution, which might have saved us by not putting any limits to universal suffrage, has not left us the liberty of choice. The constitution, it is true, has left us the right to give our votes to him, who in April last was elected by ten departments—M. de Lamartine; but they would manifestly be lost votes. All servilities will incline themselves to allow M. Cavaignac to pass; all passions will agitate to cut out a passage for M. Ledru-Rollin. The people must have other poems than poems in verse; it must have poems in action. Napoleon is the poet of the people; the names of the battles which they have lost and won together are in the memory of all old men and the imagination of all children. That is very fortunate, for, without that powerful lever, it is to be feared that no effort could triumph over the apathy of the country districts, and that they would leave the towns to elect, as their passions might dictate, the president of the republic, future holder of the destinies of France! There will only be a serious struggle between MM. Louis Napoleon, Cavaignac, and Ledru-Rollin. M. Ledru-Rollin is the *Réforme*, M. Cavaignac is the *National*, M. Louis Napoleon is, if you will absolutely, not the future, but *history*. Since we must absolutely choose—yes, we prefer *history*, which is glory, to the *National*, which is arbitrary power, and the *Réforme*, which is anarchy. Some days ago, in employing this language, we preceded the political men whose opinion has the greatest weight; at present we are only their faithful echo! Question them.

The administration of the post-office has published a notice that the uniform postage of 20 centimes for letters not exceeding $7\frac{1}{2}$ grammes in weight will come into operation on 1st January next. Pre-payment will be voluntary, and postage-stamps similar to those in England, but bearing the head of the figure of Liberty, will be prepared.

Thirty-five Trappists have just arrived at Havre, and are about to sail in the *Brunswick*, on November 1, for the United States, where they have been invited to proceed by M. Fazel, the apostolic vicar, to found some agricultural establishments in Kentucky. It so happens that seventy-six Icarian communists are going out in the same vessel, and as the Trappists are forbidden by the rules of their order from holding any communication whatever with the fairer sex, it has been found necessary to make a division of the accommodation, in giving one portion to the Trappists and the rest to the Icarians. These latter have determined to call the chief-town of their settlement in Texas, Cabetville, from the name of the founder.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—The Chamber of Commerce of Manchester has addressed a memorial to the committee of privy council for affairs of trade and plantations, protesting against the transfer of Vancouver's Island to the Hudson's Bay Company. It may be remembered by our readers, that inquiries by Mr. Christy, the member for Newcastle-under-Lyne, brought to light, towards the end of the last session of parliament, the negotiations for a charter, which had been going on for two years be-

tween the colonial department and that company. On 18th August the subject was brought formally before the House of Commons, when, after a debate, so small a majority coincided with the government, that an assurance was given that no further step should be taken until the whole subject shall have been submitted to the privy council.—*Sun.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

[From Harper & Brothers.]

The Fourth Volume of Chalmers' Posthumous Works is the first of *SABBATH SCRIPTURE READINGS*, and goes through the New Testament in order; a section being given to each chapter, which has therefore just such a commentary, summary, or practical application, as would be convenient and useful for family worship, as well as private meditation.

The History of Mary Queen of Scots. By JACOB ABBOTT. With a beautiful portrait, illustrated title, and many other plates and maps.

Thankfulness; A Narrative. Containing passages from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple. By the REV. C. B. TAYLOR. Having read Records of a Good Man's Life, by this author, we do not doubt that this is an able and good book.

Children of the Forest. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

Edward Vernon; My Cousin's Story. By E. V. CHILDE, author of articles in the *London Times* and *New York Courier*, signed "A Statesman."

The Image of His Father; A Tale of a Young Monkey. By the BROTHERS MAYHEW. This has many illustrations.

Story of the Peninsular War. By the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY. In two parts.

Thirty Years Since; or, The Ruined Family. By G. P. R. JAMES.

The Thousand and One Nights. Illustrated by six hundred beautiful designs on wood. This splendid edition is now completed in 12 numbers, at 25 cents each. It is a new translation.

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. By ACTON BELL. A good edition, in two parts.

Three Sisters and Three Fortunes; or, Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. LEWES, Esq.

THE LOWELL OFFERING, OF "New England Offering," as it is styled on the title page, still continues to be published at Lowell, Mass., under the editorial management of Miss Harriet Farley, who is now in this city. The contributions to the Offering are made exclusively by females who are or have been factory operatives. In reading some of these articles, and considering the source from which they proceed, we have been astonished at the talent which they exhibit. Such a work is an honor to Lowell, and to the country. Its influence, both upon operatives and those who are accustomed to look down upon them as an inferior class, cannot fail to be highly beneficial. The young people of any of our families would be profited by a perusal of its pages, (it is published monthly,) and we dare say Miss Farley would be glad to enrol many new names upon her list of subscribers. Should she call upon any of our citizens with this view, we trust she will not be regarded as a book-peddler, but

as an accomplished and intelligent lady, whose object is not so much to benefit herself, as to secure the continuance of a work which she justly regards as of great importance to her sex, and especially to those engaged in manufacturing pursuits.—*Jour. of Com.*

A HELP TO ENERGY.—To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred: I was obliged to resort to my "grand expedient" in order to conquer my aversion. You may laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device, then, is this:—I give my word of honor most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course exceedingly cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking in after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative?—*Tour of a German Prince.*

THE KING'S HUNT IS UP.

[The following capital song is given by Mr. Collier in his "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company." It is supposed to be the production of a writer called Gray, who was held in good estimation by Henry VIII. and the Protector Somerset, "for making certain merry ballads."]

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh daye,
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merie horne wakes up the morne
To leave his idle bed.

Beholde the skyes with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grasse is greene, and so are the trees,
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogges are running free;
The wooddes rejoyce at the merry noise
Of hey tantara tee ree.

The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye as he riseth bye,
To see and to be seene.

Awake all men, I say agen,
Be merie as you traye,
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.

Chambers' Journal

CONTENTS OF No. 238.

1. Female Penitentiaries, - - - - -	Quarterly Review, - - - - -	433
2. A Campaign in New Mexico, - - - - -	Examiner, - - - - -	441
3. Pythonic and Demoniac Possession, Part II., - - - - -	Dublin University Magazine, - - - - -	443
4. The Adventures of a Swimmer, - - - - -	United Service Magazine, - - - - -	458
5. The Castlereagh Papers. - - - - -	Spectator, - - - - -	464
6. TOPICS OF THE DAY.—The Coming Winter, &c., - - - - -	" - - - - -	469
7. The Pitcairn Islanders, - - - - -	Boston Courier, - - - - -	471
8. European Correspondence - - - - -	Of the Living Age, - - - - -	472

NEW BOOKS, 479.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Hatching Fish; Diffusion of Books, 442.—Too Late; Encounter with a Prairie Wolf, 457.—A Help to Energy, 479.

POETRY.—The King's Hunt is Upp, 479.

PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	\$20 00
Nine " "	\$40 00
Twelve " "	\$50 00

Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.